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# Eve's Weekly

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*Three exquisite shades*

*Delightfully perfumed*

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**AYUSHI SAGAR**

Petite and talented Ayushi Sagar got a first class in vocal classical music from Gandharva Mahavidyalaya last year. Right from her school days Ayushi has taken an active part in dramatics and musical functions. An excellent Kathak dancer, Ayushi has also learnt most of the folk dances of India.

At the Jesus and Mary College, Delhi, where she is doing her final year B.A., Ayushi was selected Miss B.A. "for her lovely looks and talent." She does a little modelling too, but prefers doing something more creative.

Ayushi did a crash course in beauty culture and is planning to do an interior decoration course during her next vacation. After an M.A. in philosophy, she plans to do an M.B.A.

Photograph :
Harbans Mody


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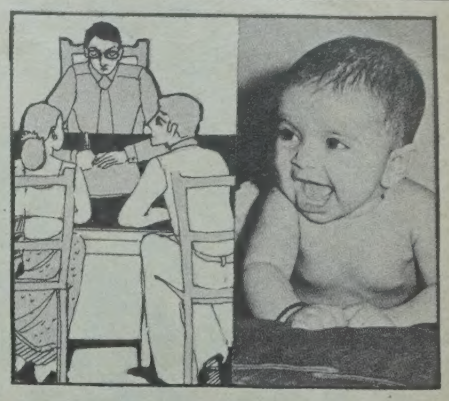
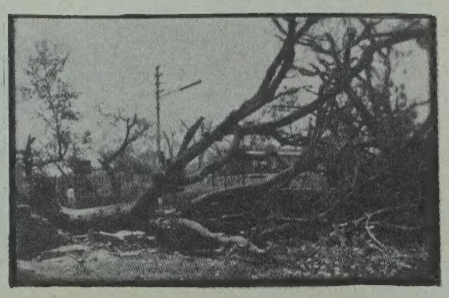
# this week

## LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP



Genetic counselling has yet to come to India in a big way but a few trained persons are already offering their services as genetic counsellors and they say many abnormalities in children could be avoided if couples went in for counselling either before getting married or at least before starting children.
**Page 9.**



## HAVOC IN THE CAPITAL

The tornado that took Delhi unawares last month left chaos and destruction in its wake, particularly in the university area. The Youth Page features a Delhi student's report on the tornado and its aftermath.
**Page 13.**

## SOUVENIR-HUNTING ON YOUR HOLIDAY

It is almost safe to say that there is no country like India for handicrafts — especially for variety in handicrafts. While it would be foolish to claim a complete coverage of crafts from different parts of India in a single article, we offer a simple state-by-state guide to souvenir-hunters before they set out on their holidays this year.
**Page 36.**

## THE CIRCUS CAME TO TOWN

Behind the glitter and pageantry of a circus is a grim world, both for the performers, as has been borne out in many an article, and for the animals, whose antics in the ring are enjoyed so by children. A look into the treatment of circus animals.
**Page 41.**

## ALSO


Jaundice, causing concern in Bombay — **Page 19,** K. P. S. Menon writes about a day in the life of his wife, the "ex-Memsahib" — **Page 14,** Film Interview: Pearl Padamsee talks to Nafisa Ali — **Page 17,** Flower arrangement — **Page 21,** Profiles: Prabha Chandrachud, wife of the new Chief Justice — **Page 27,** Jagdamba Devi, popularising Madhubani paintings — **Page 33,** An inexpensive ceremony: A report from Nagpur on a yagna performed solely by women suggests that there are sensible ways of conducting them — **Page 43.**


## REGULAR FEATURES


Your Page & Horoscope/**7,** Comics/**20,** Story/**22,** Fashion /**24,** Cookery/**28,** Beauty/**35,** Heart to Heart/**40,** Passing Through/**40,** Frankly Speaking/**43,** People & Events/**44,** World of Eve/**45,** Madam I am Adam/**46.**

Sumita Basu
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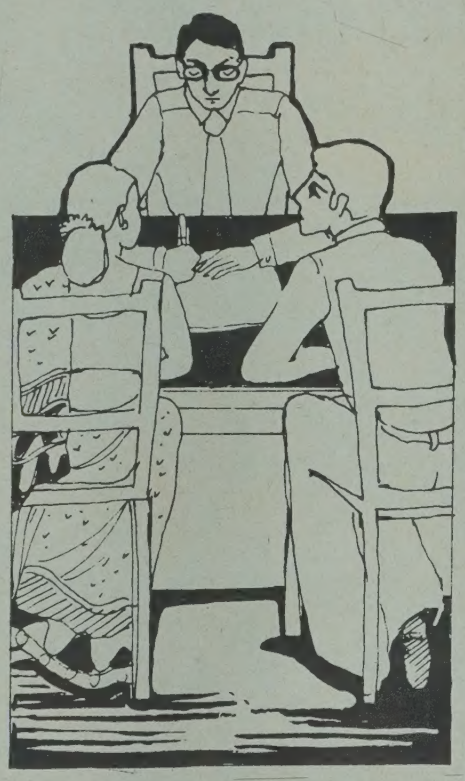
# BEFORE GETTING MARRIED CONSULT A GENETIC COUNSELLOR

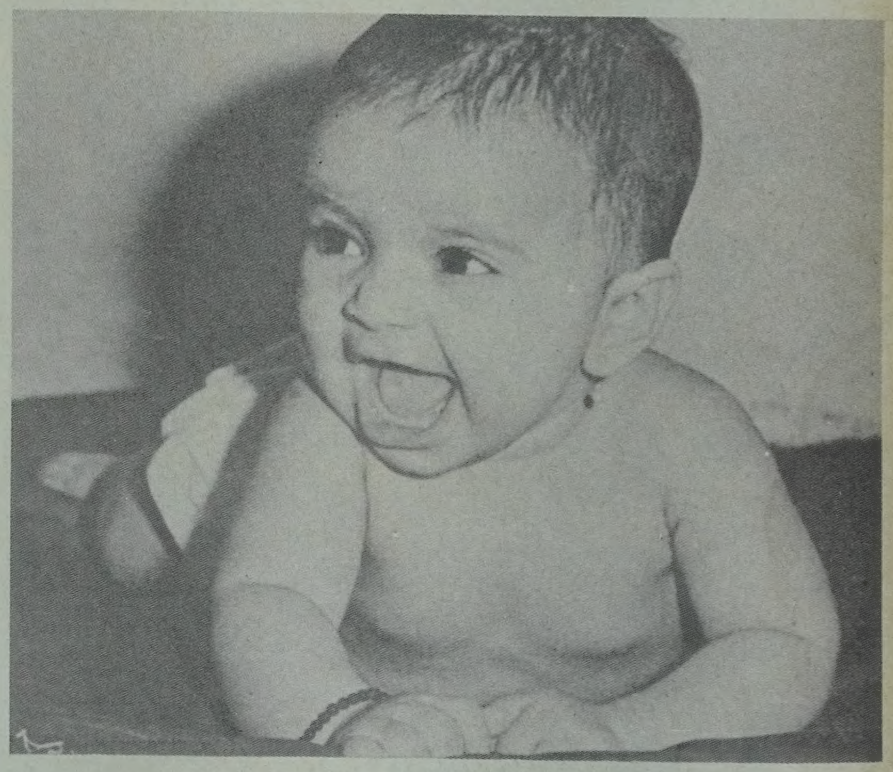
**Jyotsana Kapoor**

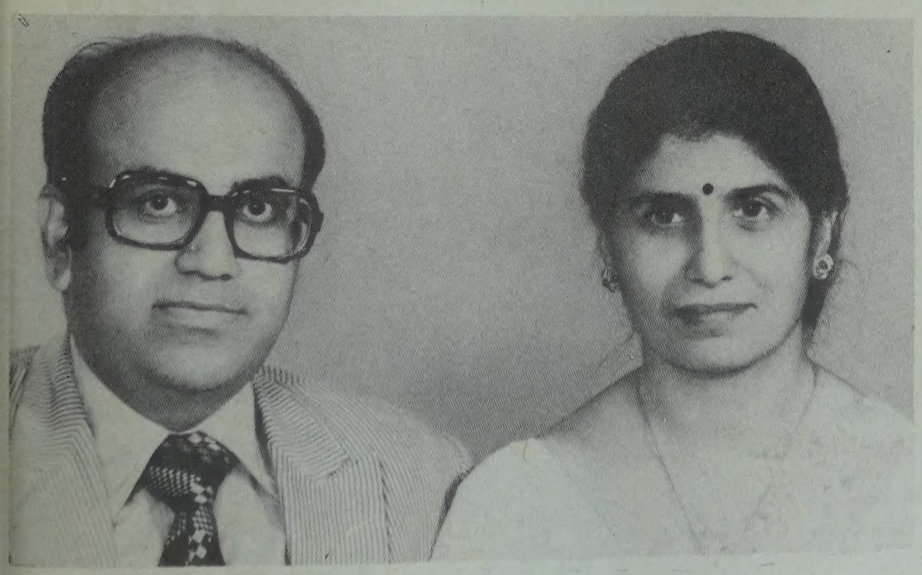
"There are more than 2000 known genetic disorders of man. Any one of them can cause abnormality in the new born child, but many of them can be prevented by genetic counselling," says Dr. Praveen Seth, Principal Investigator of a C.S.I.R. financed research project on "Genetics of Mental Retardation." Dr. Seth is a lecturer in the Department of Anthropology, Delhi University. His wife, Dr. Swadesh Seth, is also a lecturer in the same department and a co-investigator in the project, and this husband-wife team is deeply involved in studying various cases of genetic disorders and are doing their best to save suffering families the burden of having another abnormal child. They are both working on an honorary basis in the field of genetic counselling.

"Although there is a great need for this type of counselling in a country like India, where social and economic conditions play a very important role in an individual's life, there are no exclusive genetic counselling units set up anywhere in the country so far. It requires a lot of money, sophisticated equipment and helping hands to start a special unit of this kind. So, most of the people doing this type of work are working on a personal level." The Seths are making use of facilities provided to them by their Anthropology Department and conduct all the tests there.

Defining genetic counselling, Dr. Seth says, "There are many disorders based on simple genetic mechanism, and they are significantly more common among the close relatives of the affected persons as compared to the general population. Large scale surveys of such people can help us to establish certain risk figures, which can then enable us to give suitable advice to the families needing help. This advice, which relates to the possibility of a particular genetic disorder in future children and other family members, is known as 'genetic counselling.' It is the most immediate and practical service that genetics — the science of hereditary transmission of traits from parents to their offspring — can render in medicine and surgery."







**Praveen and Swadesh Seth**

Genetic counselling helps prenatal and early post-natal detection of affected individuals and of carriers of defective genes. And early identification allows appropriate therapeutic measures thus minimising pathological conditions later on. But genetic counselling is best done by individuals trained especially in chromosomal and biochemical genetics.

***Genetic counselling in advance can help prevent future abnormalities in children***

The finance for the project on which both Dr. Praveen Seth and Dr. Swadesh Seth are working, "Genetics of Mental Ratardation", was sanctioned to them in 1976 by the Council of Scientific & Industrial Research, New Delhi. With two research fellows assisting them in their work, they have been studying for the last two years the possible causes and factors responsible for mental retardation. "Because of financial restrictions, we have concentrated our research to Delhi only. Out of about ten institutions meant for mentally retarded children, we have covered seven so far and have studied the case of each and every child, unless refused by the parents. Since these tests involve not only routine blood tests, but also bio-chemical and chromosomal study, together with growth pattern and dermal pattern (meaning prints of hands, feet, fingers, toes), some parents get unduly worried and refuse us the permission to take blood from their child. What they do not seem to realise is that by doing this, we are only trying to help them."

Dr. Praveen Seth was awarded the coveted fellowship of Alexander Von Humboldt-Stiftung, West Germany, a world-wide research funding agency, in 1971, and his wife, Dr. Swadesh Seth accompanied him and conducted research in bio-chemical genetics.

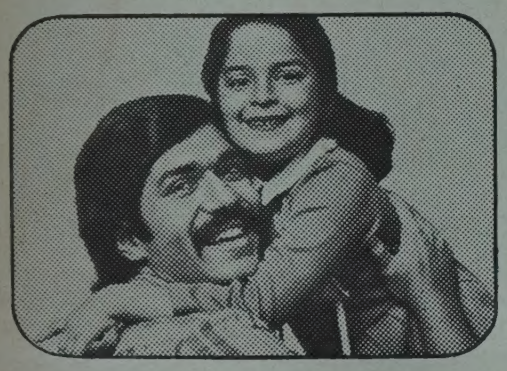
"It was while doing research in West Germany that we were both exposed to various cases of genetic counselling, because, in the Western countries going to a genetic counsellor is a routine procedure. Before they get married, couples go in for these tests. Lots of women also go in for abortions once it is established by tests that the child they are going to have is abnormal. But in India, it is still regarded as an aristocratic treatment and not given the attention it deserves."

It was on their return to India that they both got interested in doing further research on the subject and although they try and help as many cases as they can in all kinds of genetic disorders,

# "My mummy sure can make Rex Jelly yummy!"

Our twin treat
—Rex Jelly with custard

Guests get 'rainbow' Rex Jelly with lots of cream (I get some too!)



Homework done, and I'm the apple of Daddy's eye...I get Rex Jelly with fruit!

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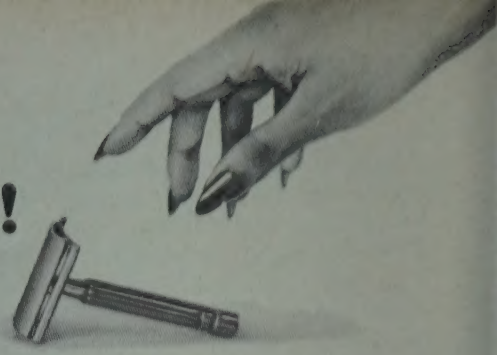
Measure 500 ml of water, but use only three-fourths. Heat water and dissolve jelly crystals. Cool and set. When almost done, whip with egg-beater till frothy. Keep aside half. Place other half in wet mould and set. Add cream to reserved mixture. Beat till frothy. Spoon carefully on set jelly, allow both to set firmly. Do not over-freeze. Unmould and serve with raspberry-flavoured Brown & Polson custard, if desired.

# Leave that razor alone!



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**BEFORE GETTING MARRIED CONSULT A GENETIC COUNSELLOR**

their main field of work is mental retardation.

The Seths say that retardation can be due to either genetic factors or environmental factors. Envirnonmental factors can mean either the delivery was not normal, or the mother has been exposed to certain X-ray radiations which have affected the unborn child, or the mother has been taking some drugs which have proved harmful. A head injury during infancy can also result in retardation later on. "But," according to the Seths, "emotional deprivation can also cause mental retardation. If a child lacks affection in his life, he will be retarded in growth pattern. It can happen even in the case of a normal child. The father's care in bringing up a child is very important. Mental retardation caused by lack of family care and affection (especially the father's) is often termed as the psycho-social factor."

Conception within the mother's womb takes place when a male sperm containing 23 chromosomes unites with a female ovum which too contains 23 chromosomes. But if a sperm with a chromosome complement other than 23 (i.e., 22 or 24) unites with an ovum with 23 chromosomes, the resulting zygote will develop into an abnormal child. Likewise, if a sperm with 23 chromosomes unites with an ovum containing a set of chromosomes other than 23, then also it would lead to a mentally abnormal child. Normally, any deviation in the process of fertilisation of an ovum leads to the development of an abnormal foetus resulting in spontaneous abortion or stillbirth. But if the child is born alive, it would be mentally abnormal.

Dr. Swadesh Seth says that pregnancy in a woman above the age of 30 years often results in the birth of a Mongoloid child. "Increase in maternal age possibly leads to failure of a pair of chromosomes to separate during division of the sex cell. The father's age, however, has no such implications. The reason for this is that the spermatozoa in a male are produced throughout his life, whereas sex cells in a female are produced quite early in life and then remain in the ovary till about the age of fifty. Mothers above the age of thirty must seek genetic counselling before going in for more children, especially if they had an abnormal child earlier. Also women who have repeated abortions are more prone to have mentally abnormal children.

"If prenatal examination, i.e. amniocentesis, reveals a genetically damaged or deformed feotus, the parents are advised to terminate the pregnancy. But for complete success of advice based on amniocentesis, continued but carefully controlled studies of the precise risks to the mother and the foetus are essential."

Genetic counselling, according to the Seths, is not concerned only with risk facts and figures, but also provides an explanation of the cause of the disease.

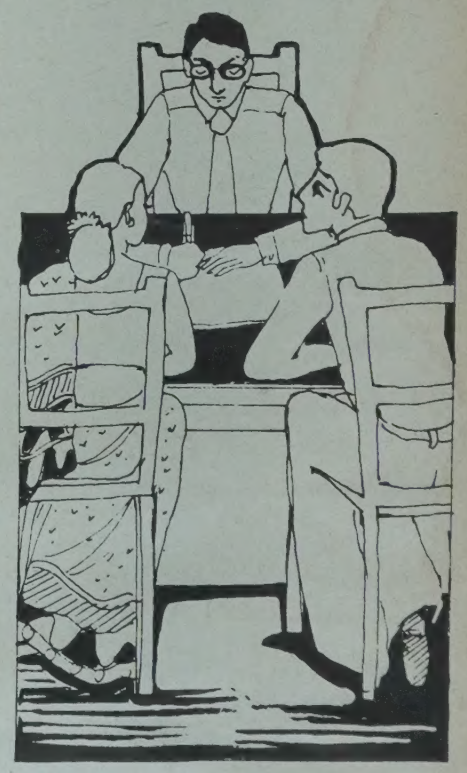
"Physical features of a new born baby," says Dr. Seth, "give us an indication about a child's abnormality. In certain hospitals, when the doctors see a clinically abnormal child, they refer the case to us. After doing certain tests, we can advise the parents about the condition of the future child. Parents of a mentally retarded child should seek a genetic counsellor's help before the next conception. On an average, it takes about a week for all the tests to be done before we can give the parents a definite answer."

Affected parents have now started coming to them from far off places for help and guidance.

But to make a success of genetic counselling services in India, Dr. Seth feels awareness among the people is a must. "They must have a positive approach towards human life. In a country like ours, which is ridden with superstitions, lot of people still believe that stillbirth, abortion, a malformed child, mental retardation and other disabilities are due to the sins of wife or husband or the curse of God. A genetic counsellor should be able to dispel such doubts and guilt complexes among parents. They must learn to come forward to seek help and advice. But in a country like ours, where the woman is still entirely dependent on the man, the consequences of any possible fault lying with her are very difficult to face," says Dr. Seth. "During the course of our meeting with various parents who come to us for advice, we were able to dispel their doubts, impress upon them the advantages of genetic counselling and so change their outlook towards seeking such guidance. As a result, many parents consulted us about the cure of their handicapped children. Some parents wished to know if they could marry off their daughters, who were mentally retarded, but had normal sexual urges."

Dr. Seth says that most of the mentally abnormal women are not fertile, but certain tests have to be done before a definite conclusion is reached. The degree of mental retardation varies, but if such girls are allowed to marry and have children, the chances of having abnormal children increase.

According to Dr. Seth, genetic counselling is a collaborative team effort as some parents may not like to go directly to a counsellor. "It is best imparted to them by their family doctor. Most of the parents do not like to answer many personal questions as they feel that we are encroaching on their privacy. To go to the root cause of the problem, we have to go back two or three generations and some people do not like it. They may not be so hesitant with their own doctor."



All these factors, the Seths feel, are due to restraints put on human beings by our culture and society. Even doctors are not very aware of the magnitude of the problem and often do not advise the parents of a deformed child to seek genetic counselling before having another child. "In the interest of the population at large, such counselling centres should be established in various regions to bring under control genetic disorders and to give human beings a happier and healthier life," they say.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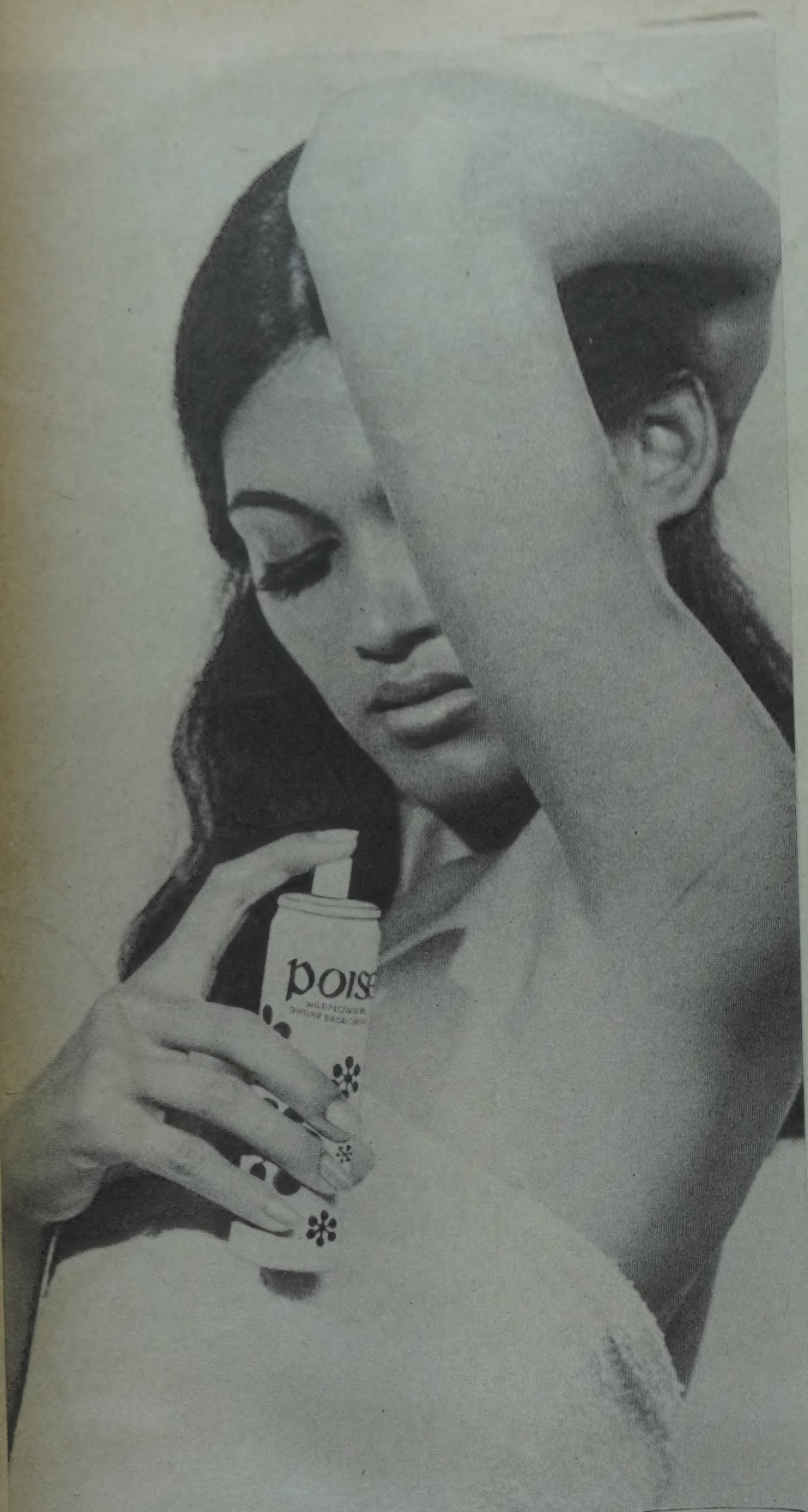


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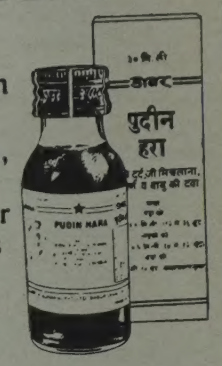
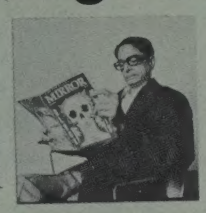



*A Dabur PRODUCT*

# MIRROR

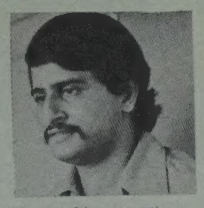
## Breaking the Age Barrier




**Grandpa**—An easy-chair in the sunlit verandah, a flask of coffee and a copy of the Mirror—that is grandpa's idea of relaxation. He is poring over an article on the generation gap.

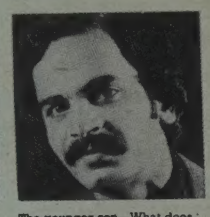
**Grandma**—Her grandson has finally gone to sleep. So, it is time for a quick look at the Mirror for grandma. She is absorbed in the mystery of the Hope diamond, peering down memory lane at her own struggles to acquire her diamonds.

**The daughter-in-law**—As a custodian of the health and well-being of her family, the daughter-in-law finds the 'Your health is our concern' column fascinating.



**The son**—A busy executive relaxes with the Mirror, noting the quotations at the end of the articles for his next junior Chamber speech.

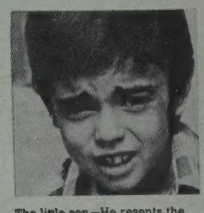
**The younger daughter-in-law**—She has literary aspirations. Mirror's regular column on "The writing of poetry" has put her on the right track.



**The younger son**—What does life have in store for him? Will he too achieve greatness like all the men and women he has been reading about in Mirror's 'How they became great' column?

**The teenage son**—His favourite hobby is pen pals and Mirror's "Pen Pals" column opens out new worlds to him.

**The teenage daughter**—She likes to impress her boy friends with the wealth of general knowledge that she gleans through the Mirror.



**The little son**—He resents the Mirror. The whole family is immersed in it and finds no time for him. But he does like the Ripley's, 'Believe it or not' page in Mirror.

**The little daughter**—She can't wait to grow up to join the happy family of Mirror readers.

The Mirror is a complete family magazine—a good, clean, family magazine with no sex, sensationalism, politics, or cinema. There is something for every member of the family in the Mirror. Every issue has 110 pages of well-researched, informative, entertaining articles on a wide spectrum of subjects. The Mirror is a magazine which gives you value for money and is a must for every family.

**MIRROR**

Incre

youth page

# STUDENTS AND THE TORNADO

**Jayshree Mishra**

A strangely forlorn landscape exposes the havoc wrought by the fatal tornado that, on the eve of March 17th, hit Delhi University and left in its wake desolation and wonder. In a matter of minutes, trees were uprooted, electric poles bent double, vehicles overturned. Eye-witnesses said the wind hit the Yamuna river raising twenty feet high waves. The freak funnel-shaped whirlwind affected Maurice Nagar, a part of Kingsway Camp, Roshanara Road and Kamla Nagar, causing thirty two deaths and over seven hundred casualties.

Khalsa College, Miranda House, Daulat Ram College and Shri Ram College of Commerce were affected the most. Rescue operations began in darkness, the power supply having been disrupted. Students readily helped the CPWD and P&T groups clear the debris on the roads. The injured were rushed to hospitals, though dead bodies could not be immediately located. The students and junior doctors of Maulana Azad Medical College and associated J.P. and G.B. Pant Hospitals decided to defer their srike by 48 hours in view of the calamity. The Delhi Administration announced Rs. 2,500 compensation for each bereaved family.

## REHABILITATION WORK

Rehabilitation work began. The Delhi University Students' Union organised a blood donation camp, and over a hundred students donated blood. Mata Sundri College presented the Vice-Chancellor with Rs. 5,100 as funds for relief work. Wherever permanent restoration of electricity was impossible, temporary arrangements were made. The dust seemed to be settling down. Yet a murmur of unrest pervaded the air. Students complained of notes lost in the tornado and time spent in relief work; DUSU demanded the postponement of exams. A demonstration was held, meetings called for and finally, it was decided that exams scheduled for April 10th would commence a week later.

The majority of those affected by the tornado were the poorer karamcharis across Mall Road. Rajpal, a chowkidar was caught unawares and hurt by flying stones. Tents disappeared. After the storm, the jhuggi dwellers tried to salwage whatever they could from the Najafgarh drain. They now live in make-shift shelter out of drums. There were also a large number of casualties from the Army Camp near Mall Road. The roof and walls of the Poor House caved in, seriously injuring fifteen inmates.

The bus-stops in the affected areas are in ruins. Only stumps remain of the "greatrooted blossomers" that once adorned the roads. A vast expanse of sky meets the eyes. The window-panes of the International Students' Hostel were all shattered by the high-velocity wind: notes and files blew away, students said. Khalsa College needs a lot of structural repair, specially at roof-level. Mr. Suvir Kaul, lecturer-in-English, said, approximately 15,000 square feet of glass has to be replaced. All the fans in the staff-lounge were distorted. Luckily, no students were seriously injured.

The wall of the Miranda House laboratory had blown off, and the library wall suddenly caved in, injuring students, many of whom were rushed to hospital for removal of glass splinters. Two people were seriously hurt. Deepika Gupta's first reaction after the tornado was to try to salvage her notes from the debris, though she suffered from minor injuries. The staff quarters of Miranda House were damaged and employees were given temporary shelter in the class-rooms. Repair work is still in progress.

**ABOVE: A school in shambles.**

**BELOW: Uprooted tree.**

The estimated loss at Patel Chest Institute is Rs. 1.5 lakhs. The walls crumbled, window-panes were smashed and medical equipment damaged within a brief spell. Daulat Ram College, a relatively new building on the campus, had a broken boundary wall. A large crowd collected after the tornado had passed at the side of the college, where a popular "dhaba" had once stood, to inspect the web of entangled wires and poles. Suddenly, like a wildfire, a rumour spread that another whirlwind was on its way. Pandemonium broke loose. The D.R. College hostellers were quickly checked in and told to sleep in the mess as it was too dangerous to switch on any of the lights. A number of girls heard the tornado approach, and likened the sound to that of an aeroplane taking off at close quarters. There are reports of a car being virtually lifted through the broken wall and deposited inside — the driver was uninjured but stupefied.

In the Arts Faculty, the roof above the dial in the New Convocation Hall had blown off. Amrita Dhavan, studying in the Text Book Section, thought the weather outside seemed unusually pleasant, what with a light drizzle followed by a hailstorm. All of a sudden it grew dark. To her amazement she saw students being driven back into the library despite their desperate efforts to leave. Window panes cracked, yet it was over before she could fathom the reason. The lawns outside were strewn with desks and benches. Some students suffering from cuts and bruises had to hitch down to Hindu Rao Hospital as no buses were running. Rasika Puri, studying in the Central Library, felt queasy at the sudden dark-calmness all around — the lull before a storm. She decided to leave, but walking away, suddenly found herself propelled violently forward. She lost balance and somersaulted across the road by the force of the wind. She recalls lying numbed and bruised till help arrived.

## IT CAME AS A SHOCK

Soon after the disaster, a few students of P.G. Women's Hostel, along with their warden, helped in relief work at Hindu Rao Hospital. Sandipta Sahu was one of them, though she said they went more for moral support than anything else. She narrated how some of her friends walking on Mall Road towards the bus-stop in front of Jubilee Hall, suddenly found themselves tossed backwards by the wind for over a hundred yards. One girl lay unconscious. The others, panic-stricken, strove to catch hold of some trees for support, but to their utter despair, the trees fell, causing fractures, and severe bruises. One of the girls needed seven stitches, having been hit on the head by a falling tree.

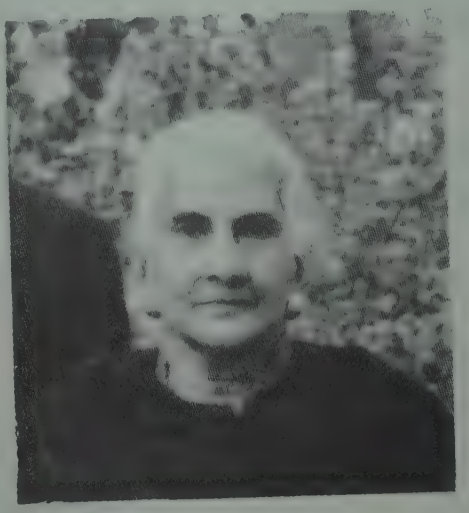
The damage caused by this unexpected tornado to college buildings, hostels and libraries, is estimated at 70 lakhs, not to mention the number of lives lost and the hundreds injured. Could this tragedy have been averted if the meteorological branches had forewarned the city? The weatherman seems to have been taken unawares. Though squalls and high-spread winds are common in Delhi during March, the tornado was a rare phenomenon. On Friday, the evening of the 17th, the weather-office expected thunderstorms over the entire north-western region and a "severe squall," at a speed of roughly 80 to 90 kmph, resulting from a depression over Rajasthan and Haryana, moving eastward, reported Mr. H. M. Gupta, Meteorologist-incharge of Safdarjang Observatory. The tornado came as a shock.

A remark made by a Delhi University professor, that the damage was caused by a U.F.O., is being treated with much scepticism by the students. Nature runs her course ...they say. Time is a great healer, for barely ten days later the fatal incident seems to have receded into an immensely adventurous background in the minds of quite a few students I talked with.

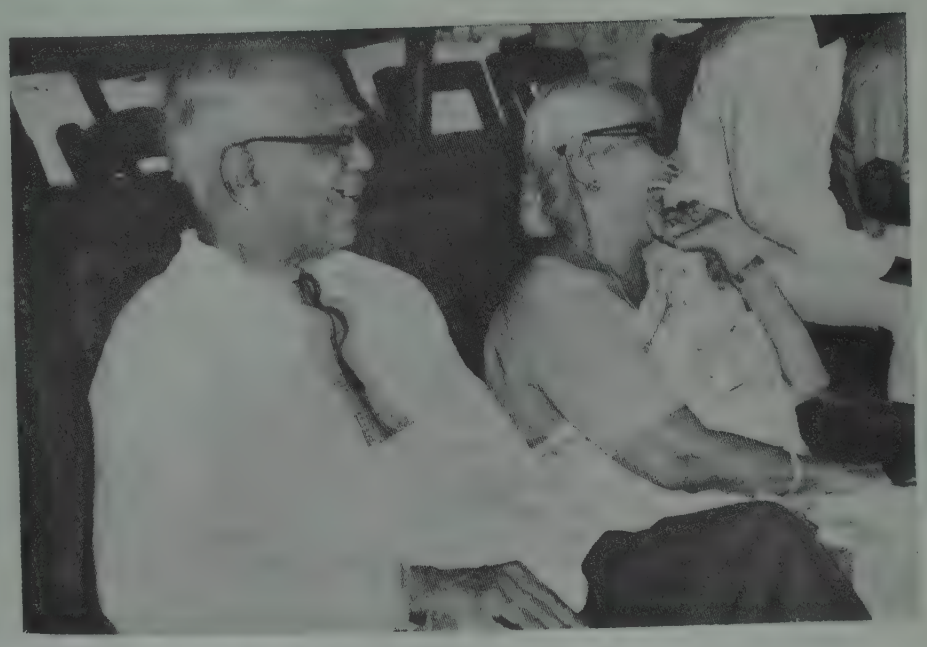
Youth is resilient, and exams have been postponed, but what of the hundreds of underprivileged who have been injured, rendered homeless, and perhaps lost a part of their lives in losing all they could ever possess? E. M. Forster once wrote "the very soul of the world is economic," and for those economically backward classes, there is no mirth

# a day in the life of an "EX-MEMSAHIB"

***Her days as "bada memsahib" and "her excellency" seem like a dream... Anujee has reverted to the life of a simple Malayalee woman***



**K. P. S. Menon**



From my young days, I have somehow had a dislike for the words, Sahib and Memsahib. This is because in South India, at any rate, these words used to be associated with the British officers who lorded it over us in those days. And their wives were called Memsahibs. These words de noted a superior race destined to rule "the lesser breeds without the law."

In Tamil Nadu the corresponding words were Dorai and Doraisani. My brother was one of the first "England-returned" men, and lived in Madurai in English style; so he was generally called Dorai. And I used to be called Chinna Dorai, corresponding to Chota Sahib. Even in those days I used to be ashamed of the designation, Chinna Dorai.

As long as I was in the I.C.S I had to put up with the title of Sahib and my wife with Memsahib. It had its variations. In Peshawar, where I was Under-Secretary to the Chief Commissioner, I was called Chota Sahib. In Hyderabad, where I was District Magistrate, I was called Court Sahib. In Baluchistan, where I was Political Agent, I was called Bada Sahib. In these stations my wife was known respectively as Chota Memsahib, Court Memsahib and Bada Memsahib. And in the last fifteen years of my service when I was a diplomat, we were "Their Excellencies."

In 1961 when I retired from service all these designations fell away from us, and we made a clean break with our past lives. In Anujee's case the break has been even cleaner than mine. I still sit at my desk for as long as I used to do in service. I still correspond with a few select English friends in Great Britain. And I am still interested in international affairs.

Anujee's life in retirement, on the contrary, is totally different from what it used to be as an Ambassador's wife. Let me give an account of a typical day in her life nowadays.

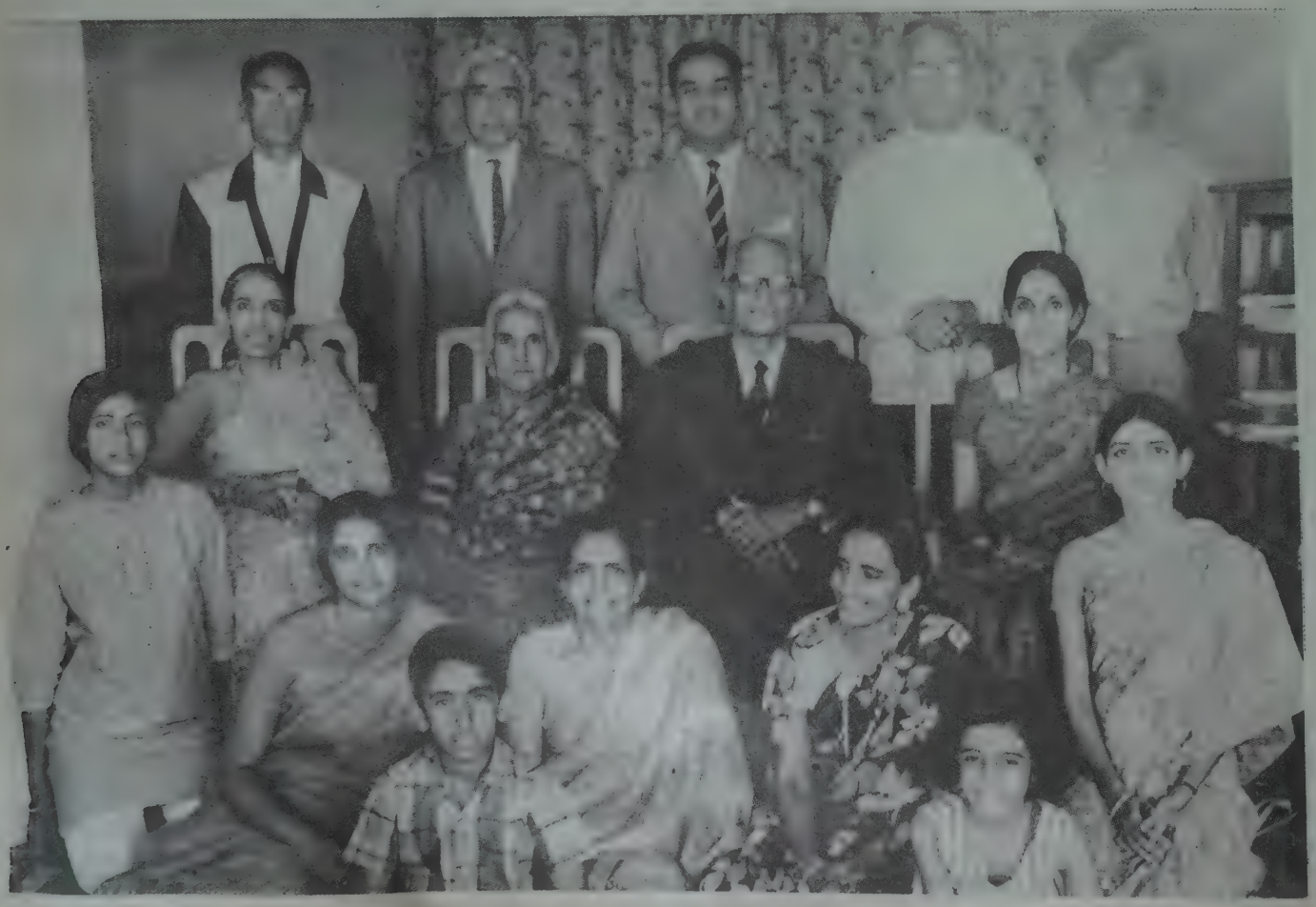
It is 5 o'clock. The world is still wrapped in darkness. Anujee lights the torch, instead of putting on the electric light so as not to wake me up, though, more often than not, I too am awake at that hour. She sits on the veranda upstairs for a brief morning prayer. By the time she finishes her prayer the world is awake and astir.

After her prayers, Anujee goes downstairs and watches the milking of the cows. The cow is her favourite animal. She has named her cows after the great rivers of India.

There comes Chozhi, whose family has served us for more than half a century, to milk the cows; and his wife, Valli, comes to sweep the house. Formerly they could not enter the house at all: they had to remain in the courtyard, because they were Thiyas and therefore regarded as untouchable. Now they have free access to the house everywhere, even to the bedroom which is swept by Valli.

From 6-30 to 8 there comes a procession of people, young and old, whose ages range from 7 to 70, in order to buy milk. Anujee sells the milk at Rs. 2.40 per litre, which is fifteen pice higher than the current price, and yet our milk is in great demand because the purchaser can be sure that it is unadulterated. The sale of milk fetches not less than a thousand rupees a month but this is set off by the cost of the cows' feed which comes to a thousand too. So what we gain in the bargain is free milk for the family, minus interest on the capital invested on the purchase of the cows, the pay of the gardener who cuts the grass for them and of the man who milks them.

Then comes the fish-monger. The fish sellers are all young urchins who should normally be at school. They are the cutest boys I have come across and have an uncanny knack for bargaining. One offers sardines at the rate of sixteen per rupee Anujee demands 40. There follows five minutes of vigorous bargaining, in the course of which the boy pretends to go away in a huff, but by the time he reaches our gates he thinks better of it and offers to give the sardines at 24 per rupee. Finally the bargain is struck at 28 per rupee.



This mock-serious farce is enacted day after day. Both parties enjoy it, and each thinks that he, or she, is one up over the other.

Anujee now goes round the garden, supervising the watering of the plants and the trees and making inquiries from the gardeners regarding their condition

One of Anujee's attractive and sometimes exasperating, qualities is that she persists in doing the impossible. Again and again she tries to grow grapes, and fails. She will not admit that the climate of Ottapalam is not suited for the growing of grapes. Again she bought clover seedlings all the way from the Crimea in the Soviet Union for the sake of her cows but the seedlings refused to grow. For Anujee it is one long struggle with nature. Nature sometimes pretends to oblige her, but ultimately prevails.

It is 8.30 now. It is time for a bath. This is followed by prayers, more elaborate than the early morning prayer. At 9.30 we sit down to breakfast. That is the time when our more intimate friends drop in and share breakfast.

After breakfast Anujee tries to relax for a few minutes but seldom succeeds. This ancient house requires constant attention. The pipe may be leaking; the electric light has fused; the flush is not working; the heater has gone out of order; and the cement drive is all cracked. Anujee's presence in Ottapalam is a signal for plumbers, carpenters, masons and electric workers to come and make a little money.

Anujee sees a man wandering around the garden and looking up at the coconut trees. He has come to see whether it is time to pluck the coconuts. Would Amma, he asks, like to sell that teak tree for Rs. 800 or that mango tree for Rs. 500? Still another man comes and offers a lump sum as advance for the purchase of the arecanut crop and the mangoes this year.

In between all this Anujee attends to the preparation of her Income-tax and Wealth Tax returns or corresponds with the lawyers in Delhi, who have been looking after our case for enhanced compensation for our land acquired by government. She was thoroughly fleeced by one lawyer, but now the case is in the hands of a senior lawyer, who is not only a leading lawyer, but a perfect gentleman and a delightful companion, with a delightful wife, who is also a lawyer. Exasperated by the law's delays and bureaucratic procrastination, Anujee once wrote an article in the Indian Express called "My Encounter with Officialdom." It attracted much notice and questions were asked even in Parliament. It also brought a lawyer's notice from one of the delinquent officials, demanding a sum of Rs. two lakhs for the defamation of his character. He had the sense to withdraw the case later.

Lunch is at 1.30. Soon after lunch, the entire house, including the servants, goes to sleep for a couple of hours. Morpheus is in full command. The siesta is an old habit of mine. In China in the forties I used to tell our children after lunch, "Now I have an appointment with Morpheus." One day the telephone rang inquiring where Mr. Menon was and Malathi, our daughter, replied, "He is with Mr Morpheus." "Mr. Morpheus?" exclaimed the man on the telephone. "Why, my father sees him every day," said Malathi.

Everyone comes out of the clutches of Morpheus by four. Anujee then does a little reading. Her favourites are spy stories, which I personally dislike.

After tea, which is usually at about 5.30 we go for a drive, generally to Palappuram to inspect our property there, or else we visit the Cultural Centre in memory of Anujee's father, Sir C. Sankaran Nair, and supervise the feeding of the poor children. Or occasionally we go to the pictures to please our daughter-in-law, who is a film fan. Then the whole family sits out on the lawn for a hallowed hour or two.

For Anujee it is now time to say her evening prayers. She has different kinds of prayers: some on which she has to concentrate for all she is worth, others which she can carry on with even when listening to conversation. We listen to the evening news over the radio at 9 p.m. The gong now rings indicating that it is time for dinner. It rings again announcing that dinner is served. After dinner we spend one hour or two, listening to music.

For Anujee the days are crowded, but crowded in a very different way from her ambassadorial days. Now she has reverted to the life of a simple Malayalee woman and her days as Bada Memsahib and Her Excellency seem like a dream. They were but an interlude even as, she is convinced, this life itself is but an interlude between her former life and a life to come.

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# FASHION OF THE MONTH

A REMINDER TO

**Eve's Weekly**

READERS

A fantastic chance to win a fabulous wardrobe from Delhi's exclusive boutique -- Sophistication — that creates fashion with YOU in mind. We have so far published five of our features, along with the coupons for you to clip and keep. Out of 12 coupons in the year, a minimum of 10 coupons collected will entitle the sender to participate in the draw to be held by Eve's Weekly around December 1978, after the 12th feature has been published. This unique scheme was announced in our issues dated December 3 and 10, 1977.

**This a special reminder to all those who care for exclusive garments. We hope you have collected five coupons up till now. If not, hurry up and flip through our past issues for the coupons and see that you have in hand a minimum of ten coupons out of serial nos. 1 to 12 by the end of December 1978, when the time comes for you to send in your coupons.**

Prizes to be won: 1st prize — wardrobe valued at Rs. 5000, 2nd prize — wardrobe valued at Rs. 2500, 3rd prize — wardrobe valued at Rs. 1500 plus 10 consolation prizes of outfits valued at Rs. 100 each.

A grand Fashion Show will be held by Sophistication Boutique and Eve's Weekly around February 1979 at which the first three winners will be invited and presented with their prizes.

**Coupons should be sent in one lot to**

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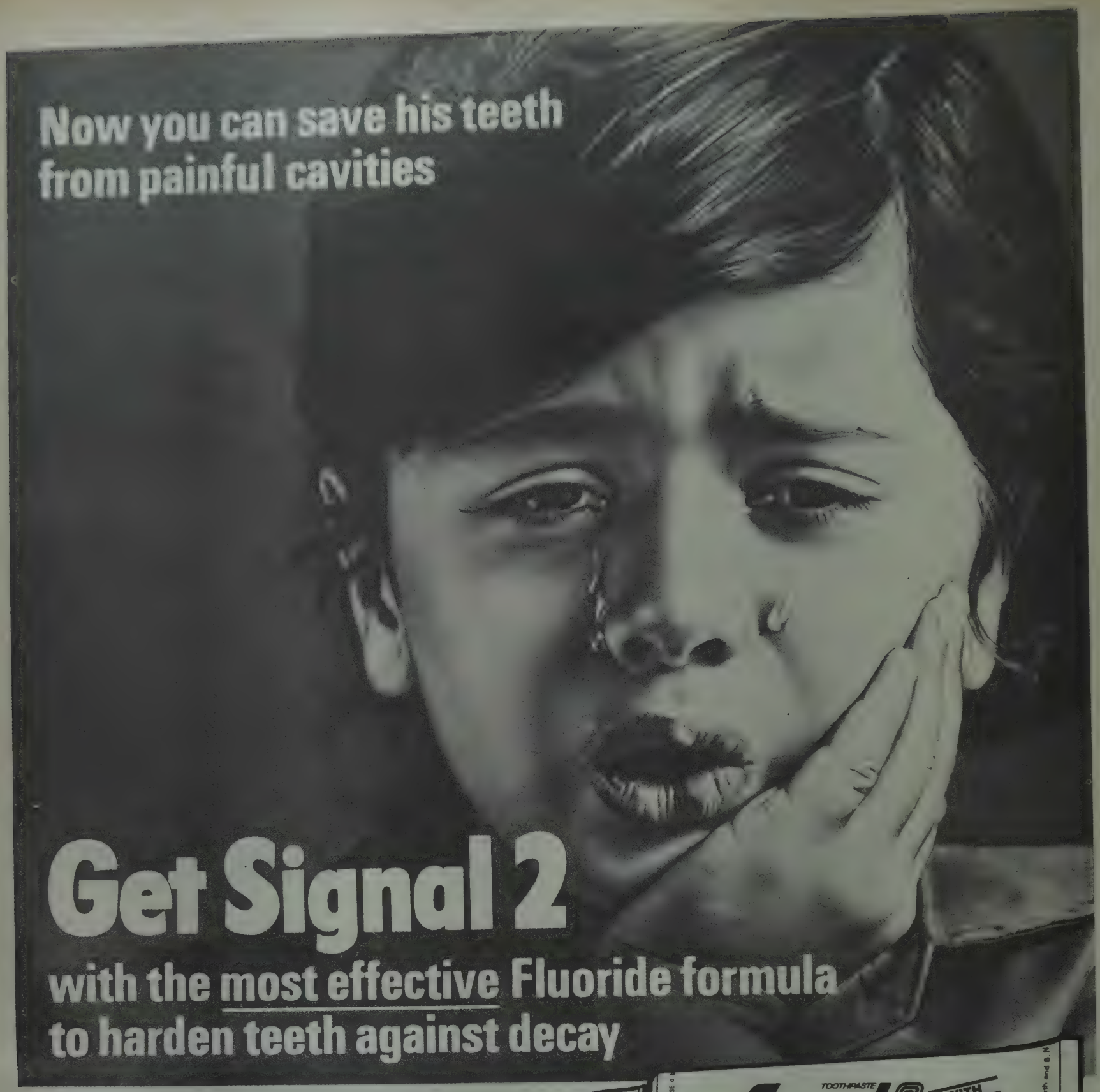
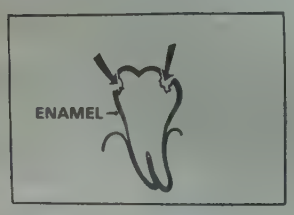


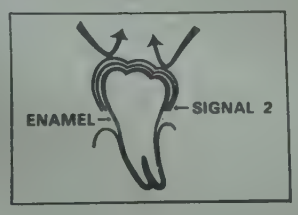

# Get Signal 2

## with the most effective Fluoride formula to harden teeth against decay

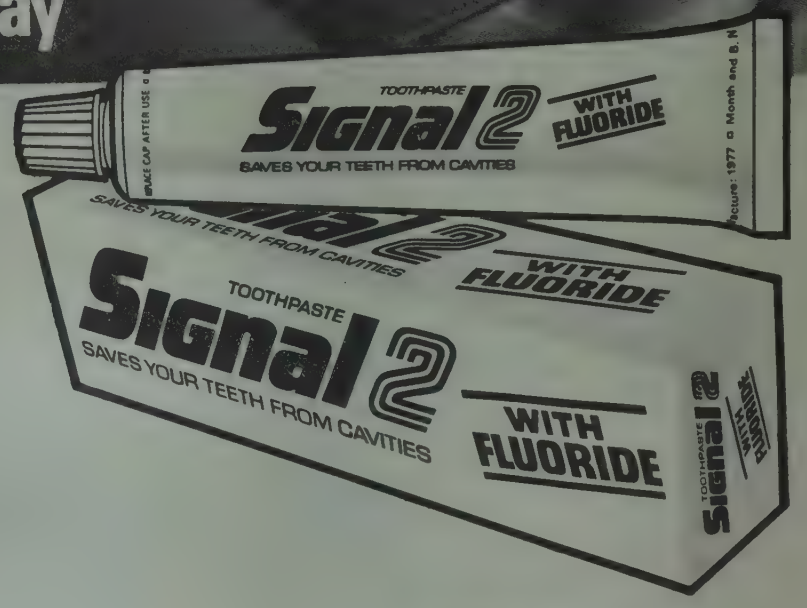
A toothache isn't just painful, it's a sign of tooth decay. Ignore it, and the decay goes deeper, leading to painful cavities.




*Ordinary toothpastes can't stop mouth acids from penetrating teeth and causing decay.*

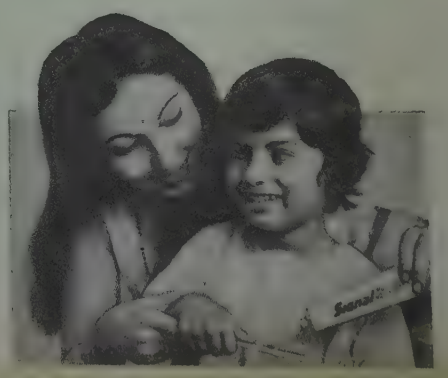



*Signal 2 has the most effective fluoride formula to stop mouth acids from penetrating teeth and causing decay.*




### The cavity-fighter

Now, before it's too late, start your family on the toothpaste that is proven to fight tooth decay—Signal 2. Its special fluoride formula unites with the teeth to make them harder, more resistant to harmful mouth acids—and helps prevent cavities. No other toothpaste is better at fighting tooth decay.
Don't just take our word. Check with your dentist.



**Signal 2** WITH FLUORIDE **your family's cavity-fighter**

# NAFISA ALI:

## "A Rather Charming Pussy-cat"

**An Interview By**
**PEARL PADAMSEE**

Photograph: Girish Shukla

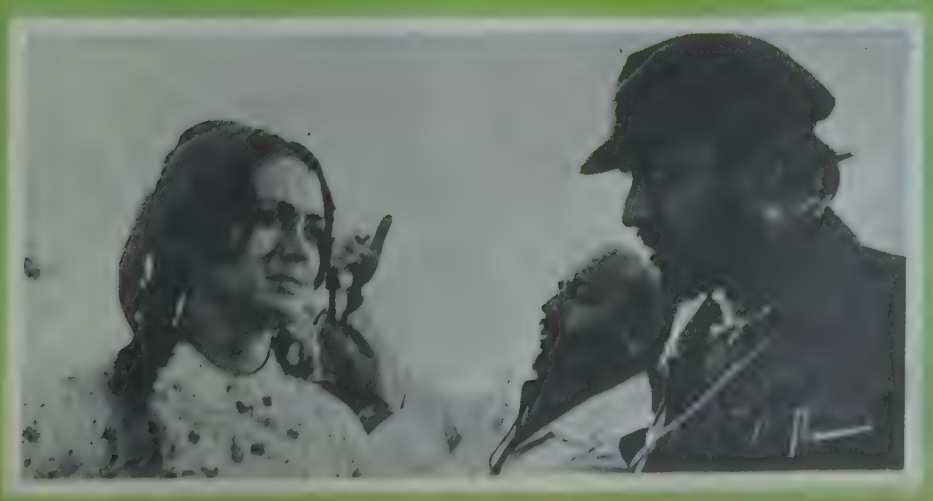
***Underneath "a rather proper Miss Ali" is a glamourous tomboy waiting to burst forth...***

If you meet Nafisa Ali today, she is a rather charming pussy-cat, quite different from the shy and gawky beauty who won the Miss India Contest in 1976 when Eve's Weekly proclaimed her Beauty Queen. A champion swimmer from Calcutta, green-eyed freckle-fresh, sleek-limbed, she became the cynosure of all eyes when she represented India at the Miss International Beauty Pageant in Tokyo. There she scored again as the Second Runner-up to Miss France and Miss Brazil.

Nafisa, now twenty-one, looks back on her school career intertwined with swimming and photography. Partly Bengali Muslim by birth, she was educated at La Martinere and the combination of a traditional orthodox upbringing and a Christian-oriented value system has resulted in a rather proper Miss Ali. But deep down I sensed the glamourous tomboy waiting to burst forth, and quite suddenly new horizons have opened up a promising film career.

As Bengal's State Champion for three years (1972-74) and National Champion in 1974, Nafisa lived and breathed in a swimsuit. Wet-haired, towel-clad, there seemed no other world besides the swimming pool. There this water nymph dreamed of her hero — Mark Spitz — the International Champ she'd set on a pedestal for many years. But soon she realised that championships and setting records were leading her further away from other areas of discovery, and a sense of reality crept in as she candidly admits, "Swimming broadened my figure, I'd had enough."

Her father, a professional photographer, trained her in his studio and now she's developed a nimble eye for the visual, clicking away at what she fancies will make an unusual photograph. Being young and agile, she is often discovered lying on the ground in rather awkward positions, yelling, "Look this way," or "Hold it" as only a mustard keen camera woman can do.



Currently playing the coveted lead role of Ruth Labradoor in Shyam Benegal's "A Flight of Pigeons," Nafisa finds the world whirling round her in a swirl of change. She's gazed at, chased about for autographs, harassed, hassled and adored by both young men and women in Lucknow. Being cast opposite Shashi Kapoor, India's dreamy-eyed hero, is quite a hazard if you value privacy, for the crowds simply will not leave the stars in peace.

But Nafisa takes it all in her lovely long-legged stride. Will she be famous? "I hope so, let's see. Otherwise I shall be quite content to go back to the export business I was starting in Calcutta when Shyam called me for an audition."

Watching her rather closely on location, I doubt if she will escape stardom. She's new and fresh, she's full of joie de vivre and, most important of all, she's natural, bubbling with youthful energy. In one particular scene her innocence was clearly evident. Benegal asked her to pick up a dead pigeon and hold it close to her expressing horror and concern and tenderness. She did all this. But slowly, the weight and fading warmth of the dead bird began to grow on her feelings and she passed through a painful metamorphosis. It was perhaps the first time she had experienced death in such a direct and personal way, holding a lifeless body in her hands. And the tears fell, first gently, then profusely, flooding those green eyes with a pain most deeply felt.

With those genuine emotions caught on camera, the scene will carry a poignance all its own, not super-imposed by technical assistance.

Nafisa Ali stands on the threshold of the Indian cinema. The steps she takes, both courageous and controlled, are up to her. It's wonderful to see that in India today, a young woman's destiny lies in the palm of her own hand.

Personally, she is open to all kinds of ideas and experiences, measuring each against the yardstick of her background and upbringing. I asked her about romance and her ideal man. "Oh," she said dreamily, "I want a combination." I thought of butterscotch and almonds — but she, licking her lips deliciously, staked her preference: "He must be intelligent, with a sense of humour. Let's say a man with the face of Robert Redford, the body of Mark Spitz and the voice of Amitabh Bachchan!"

(Yes takers!)

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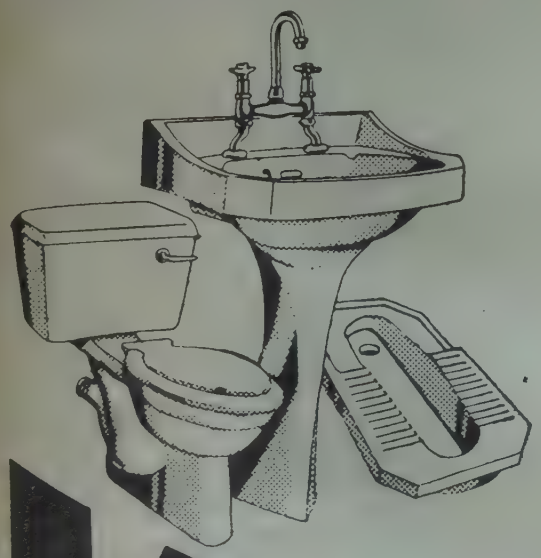

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# JAUNDICE EPIDEMIC JOLTS BOMBAY

***Thanks to civic irresponsibility, infectious hepatitis has spread all over the city and, as usual, is most prevalent in the poorer and more congested areas***

**Shivanand Karkal**

It began some time in December 1977, and with the turn of the new year, the hepatitis virus really strengthened its hold on Bombay city. At the time of writing, the jaundice epidemic shows no sign of declining, notwithstanding the claim of municipal health authorities that it is "under control." In fact, during the last four months, nearly a thousand cases were reported, which was just the tip of the proverbial iceberg. Seventy-nine of these proved fatal, including P. S. Rege, the eminent Marathi literateur and Goody Seervai, the famous band-leader.

The month of February saw 274 cases reported, and of these, 32 were fatal (the comparative figures for February 1977 are 88 reported cases and 24 fatal ones). The first fortnight of March had 232 reported cases and 14 fatalities, which appears to confirm the widespread belief that the epidemic is far from waning.

## MORE WIDESPREAD THAN IT SEEMS

What is more important is that the above figures do not indicate the full extent of the epidemic; as it is not a notifiable disease, the municipal authorities cannot keep tabs on each and every case of jaundice in the city. Actually, the city's private practitioners — allopathic and non-allopathic — are flooded with jaundice patients. Clinics in some very badly hit pockets of the city get as many as twenty to thirty new jaundice patients every day. And the busy general practitioner, perhaps not unreasonably, is reluctant to go through the bureaucratic rigmarole which is the usual prelude to reporting cases to the authorities.

Consequently, the actual proportions of the epidemic are bound to be much larger, considering that not even one out of ten cases, at an optimistic estimate, winds its way to municipal ledgers. In fact, unofficial sources claim that the ubiquitous virus must have claimed at least one hundred thousand Bombayites by now.

Sewage contamination of the city's water pipe-lines ranks high up on the list of reasons for the current epidemic. Municipal authorities have confirmed that those parts of the city where the disease is rampant are supplied by old water-pipes and these are often situated close to sewage disposal pipes. Leaks in either set of pipes could have triggered off the epidemic.

Before going on to describe how the municipal authorities propose to deal with the alarming situation, a brief account of the disease, and more important, the preventive aspects, needs to be presented to the lay public.

## UNDERSTANDING THE DISEASE

Hepatitis (or, in layman's language, inflammation of the liver, hepatos) can be caused by a number of agents, chief among which are certain viruses. Viruses are tiny bits of chemical compounds, hovering between the living and non-living. They consist of a single molecule of either DNA (Deoxyribose nucleic acid) or RNA (Ribose nucleic acid) wrapped in a protein membrane. The specific viruses causing hepatitis are not known yet, but clinically, two varieties of hepatitis are recognised — Infectious Hepatitis (IH) and Serum Hepatitis (SH). The two viruses responsible have been arbitrarily termed virus A and virus B respectively.

Hepatitis A (Infectious Hepatitis) usually has an incubatory period of about 6-16 days. The disease passes through three phases: the first is a prodormal stage marked by a variety of non-specific symptoms like malaise, headache, nausea, vomiting, etc. Fever is usually present in half the cases. This phase is called the Pre-Icteric stage also. It is followed by the Icteric stage. "Icterus" is the medical term for jaundice and means the yellowish discolouration of the skin and subcutaneous tissues, due to the deposition of a substance called bilirubin in them.

Normally, when old red blood cells die in the body, they are broken down and a pigment called bilirubin is released. It is the liver's job to combine this bilirubin with another substance called glucoronic acid, and excrete it via urine. What happens in hepatitis is that the liver's functioning is reduced, and it can no longer conjugate and excrete bilirubin. It therefore piles up in the body, causing the characteristic yellow discolouration of the disease ("jaundice" comes from the French word "jaune" meaning "yellow"). This stage usually lasts about ten days and is followed by the Post-Icteric stage, during which the patient recovers. Depending upon the severity of the infection and the patient's resistance, two to six weeks elapse before recovery. About 99.8 to 99.9 per cent of patients recover completely, and thus the mortality rate is very low, about 0.2 to 0.1 per cent.

The disease is highly infectious because the patient passes the viruses in his stools. Fecal contamination of food and drink through flies, patients' fingers and inadequate sewage disposal spreads the disease. The ingestion of such contaminated food and drink thus enables the virus to find a new host. Fulminant epidemics of hepatitis have occurred in the past, such as the water-borne New Delhi epidemic in 1955-56 when as many as 40,000 cases were reported in a matter of just six weeks!

Hepatitis B (Serum Hepatitis) presents the same clinical features as Infectious Hepatitis, but there are a number of differences between the two — the causative virus is different, the mode of infection is usually through an infected needle or blood transfusion, the incubatory period is longer (16-160 days) and the virus leaves behind its footprints in its victim in the form of the "Australia antigen" (so called because its discovery was made while conducting a study of the disease among Australian aborigines).

## PREVENTIVE MEASURES

About the only consoling (?) thing about viral hepatitis is that after one attack, the patient is usually immune to the disease, though a few cases of re-infection have been recorded. Medical science has come up with just one drug against the disease and even that has its limitations — it is non-specific, it must be administered before the virus infects the patient or during the incubatory period to be effetve, and it affords immunity for just six months. This drug — 'Immunoglobulins' — consists of a number of protein substances normally produced by the human body's immune system to fight disease. Predictably enough, this has disappeared from the market in Bombay following the epidemic.

As for preventive measures against the disease, to quote J.E. Park and K. Park ("Textbook of Preventive and Social Medicine — A Treatise on Community Health"), "Since the fecooral route is the most important route of spread, attention should be paid to breaking the chain of transmission by high standards of personal cleanliness; safe disposal of excreta; prevention of contamination of water supplies, food and milk; control of flies; screening of kitchens and latrines and control of food handlers. During epidemics, boiled water should be advocated for drinking purposes."

## FIGHTING THE EPIDEMIC

The municipal authorities in Bombay are now initiating steps to fight the epidemic, though it's like locking the stable door after the horse has bolted. Analysts have been sent to collect water samples from those areas in which the suspected pipe leaks have occurred, and repairs to such pipes and cleaning house-drainage pipes have been started. A house-to-house survey has been planned to come to grips with the exact proportions of the epidemic. Private practitioners and members of the public have also been asked to report all jaundice cases to the Epidemiologist at the municipal head office.

The Mayor, Mr. Murli Deora, stated on March 16 that "he had informed the Municipal Commissioner about the gravity of the epidemic as early as January," according to a news report. (Would it be uncharitable to say that this smacks more of a desire to pass the buck than anything else?) Be that as it may, Mr. Deora is also reported to have suggested curbing the sale of drinks and food-stuffs by road vendors. A mobile squad of the municipal health department could be pressed into service to impound all such food items A joint committee of officials from the municipal health, water supply and sewage departments has been set up to chalk out a strategy to counter the epidemic.

Unfortunately, not much attention is being paid to the media — what is needed urgently is a massive, concerted publicity campaign highlighting the preventive measures against the disease. Only such a campaign, with a clear message that should reach the common man, will strike at the root of the problem.

## THE LITTLE WOMAN

**by Don Tobin**

IT'S A PERFECT DAY FOR THE BEACH!
YEAH! COME ON IN - THE WATER'S GREAT!
I'D COME IN BUT I'M AFRAID OF A RIPTIDE!
THERE'S NO RIPTIDE - IT'S CALM AS A LAKE!
HOW ABOUT THE WATER? IT LOOKS AWFULLY COLD -
NO, IT'S NOT - IT'S JUST RIGHT!
IS IT WET?
OF COURSE IT'S WET - IT'S WATER, ISN'T IT?
THEN I THINK I'LL JUST WAIT TILL IT DRIES OUT A BIT -
!
7-24
WET WATER IS BAD FOR THE COMPLEXION -
EMILY'S IDEA OF A REALLY NICE BEACH IS THE SAHARA DESERT!
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# HA HA world of laughter

Humorist Oliver Herford was on a crowded trolley one afternoon, holding his young nephew on his knees. A pretty young blonde boarded the car, stepped in front of them and reached for the strap.

Herford eyed her appreciatively. Then, nudging his nephew, he said, "My boy, why don't you get up and give the lady your seat?"

* * *

A public office holder died and at his funeral an office seeker approached the governor of the state and asked if he could have the dead man's place.

"I have no objection," said the Governor, "if the undertaker is willing."

* * *

When I was in Copenhagen, they asked me what I'd like. I said, "A hunk of Danish." Two waitresses ran over and gave me their telephone numbers.

* * *

Simone: "What a beautiful coat. It probably cost a fortune."

Ginette: "No, it only cost one kiss."

Simone: "One that you gave your husband?"

Ginette: "No, one that he gave to the maid."

* * *

Georgette: "I hear you're getting a divorce because you haven't any children."

Babette: "Oh yes, we've spent many a sleepless night over it."

* * *

Babs: "I'll never forget the night my husband discovered my great love."

Fifi: "What happened?"

Babs: "He beat the hell out of him."

* * *

Joey Adams: "I'm not conceited — although God knows I have every reason to be."

* * *

Two five-year-olds were looking at the abstract painting in the Guggenheim Museum. "Let's get out of here," one said, "before they say we did it."

* * *

Customer: "Why did you drop that hot towel on my face?"

Barber: "Do you think I was going to burn my fingers?"

* * *

A bank robber opened the safe with his toes just so he could drive the fingerprint experts crazy.

* * *

"Do you believe in free speech?"

"Sure."

"Good — mind if I use your telephone?"

* * *

Her mouth was so big everytime she yawned her ears disappeared.

* * *

John F. Kennedy: "I appreciate your welcome. As the cow said to the Maine farmer, "Thank you for a warm hand on a cold morning."

* * *

An eighty-two-year-old man married a teenager. For a wedding present he gave her a "do-it-yourself-kit."

* * *

An optimist is a man who goes to the window in the morning and says, "Good morning, God." A pessimist goes to the window and says, "My God, it's morning."

* * *

A farmgirl called Annabelle Castor

Once kicked at a mule as it passed her.

The mule kicked right back
Now she's flat on her back
With both her legs covered in plaster.

* * *

Compiled by George Fegradoe

# FLORAL MESSAGES

**The art of flower arrangement is widely practised throughout India and abroad. It adds so much to the beauty of living and makes the drearest areas attractive. But it is difficult to believe that even messages can be conveyed through flowers.**

**The exhibits at the 19th annual flower show, held in Bombay recently, convey Air India's renowned publicity slogans, with exotic foreign flowers and foilage. These "Floral Messages" were arranged by Leela Rajkumar for Air India.**

**Air India was awarded the "Friends Of The Trees" Rolling Trophy at the show.**

ABOVE LEFT: Give your cargo a flying start: Arranged with yellow chrysanthemums from Japan and Hong Kong, interspersed with ferns.

ABOVE : Absolutely first class! Depicting Air-India's super deluxe service with exotic and rare lilac and mauve orchids with golden yellow drift wood from Bangkok.

LEFT: Save Wild Life: Go on an African safari! Gladioli and Iris arranged around a rhino-like piece of drift wood

**THE STORY SO FAR**

**As though being loved by two men at the same time, and being equally in love with both of them wasn't enough of a problem, Miss Rattanshaw didn't know whose baby she was carrying! With both her parents dead she could only consult Villie, her bright but equally confused friend. Astrology seemed to be the only source of 'guidance'. . .**

**NOW READ ON**

After taking up psychology I'd given up believing in God but as I dialled Dr. Dikshit's number I felt immensely grateful to Him whose existence I'd doubted.

The voice which answered the phone didn't sound like it belonged to an M.A., LL.B., Ph.D. Astro-Palmist of international repute. It was more small-grocery-store-owner like. Dr. V. D. Dikshit (if it was him) sounded as abrupt and unpleasant as a man who'd been disturbed in the midst of performing vital morning ablutions. When I enquired about an appointment in my best St. Sebastian accent he gave me the distinct impression that the prospect of having me in for a consultation was not something he looked forward to. Several let-me-sees later he suggested 11 a.m. on that day and since that coincided with the time Villie and I would have a free hour in between lectures, I agreed.

Vinod Das Dikshit (V D. stood for Vinod Das) had an office in the attic of a dilapidated building in the business section of town. At the end of a very steep flight of stairs we came face to face with a stylish hardboard door with a glass inset bearing the familiar legend Dr. Vinod Das Dikshit, M.A., LL.B., Ph.D., Astro-Palmist. The bit about his "international" reputation was missing. A brass plate which hadn't been noticeable coming up the steps said "Push." We pushed and found ourselves inside a tiny reception room. It held a desk, on which sat a typewriter, behind which was a chair, on which sat nobody. To the right of this table-typewriter-chair ensemble was another door, identical in shape, size and frosted glass inset to the one we had just entered by. But it didn't say "Push" or even "Pull."

As it wasn't quite eleven by the electric clock above the absent receptionist's table, we decided to wait. Two uninvitingly upholstered chairs were the only other furniture around and since neither Villie nor I wanted to be mistaken by the next caller for the missing receptionist, we made straight for the rexine jobs. The wall opposite us was adorned by a solitary photograph. A profusely garlanded old man, sporting a magnificient beard, looked down upon us through heavy lidded eyes.

"Do you suppose that's our friend Richard the Turd?" Villie asked.

"Who?"

"Dick-Shit. Richard-Turd, don't you know?"

I laughed. Villie really was a wizard with words. I was still laughing when the hardboard door (the one without the Push-Pull plates) opened and the scrawniest, shortest adult male I've ever seen came through it. He escaped qualifying for a midget by mere centimeters.

"Miss Rattansa?" he asked. I winced at the gross distortion of the family name. My mother, God rest her soul, would most certainly have fainted. We were the Rattan-Shaws, you know. And though she didn't write it that way, the hyphen had always been audible when she spoke.

"I have an appointment for eleven," I said somewhat grandly and the midget beckoned to us to follow him.

The second room held a desk-and-chair arrangement very similar to the one in the anteroom. Richard the Turd had an obvious penchant for purchasing things in twos. The room also contained a couple of wooden folding chairs of the type supplied by caterers at weddings. On the wall directly behind the desk was a larger version of the photograph Villie had commented on earlier. There was nobody else in the room and I doubt if either Villie or I succeeded in concealing our surprise when the midget told us to be seated in the caterer's chairs and proceeded to occupy the one behind the desk. Villie recovered her voice first.

"Doctor Dikshit?" she asked.

The midget nodded.

"Who's that?" I asked looking at the photograph directly above him.

"My late father," the midget informed us.

This was followed by half a minute's complete silence during which time Richard the Turd studied both us in turn. After satisfying himself about whatever it was he had been searching for in our faces, he spoke.

"What is it you would like to know, Miss Rattansa?"

The well rehearsed question—should I marry Rumi or Ronnie? refused to emerge from my throat. Instead, to my utter horror, I heard myself saying, "Well you see, I'm going to have a baby. . . and there's this problem. . . I don't quite know what to do. I thought. . . perhaps you could help me."

The Turd was not the least little bit shocked by the information I'd never intended to divulge to him.

"Miss Rattansa, I am a doctor of philosophy. And I do not think I can be of help to you."

"Oh, but you can!" Villie interrupted.

"Sorry, Miss. That's a different kind of doctor." Richard the Turd looked distinctly affronted.

## PART TWO

# THE TREE IS TALLER THAN THE MOUNTAIN

**Perin Bharucha**

"What my friend wants to know from you is who she should marry," explained Villie.

For the first time that morning the midget expressed some measure of surprise.

"There is an offer?" he asked, looking directly at me.

"Two," I said.

"To what?"

"Two!" Villie butted in. "T-W-A. I mean, T-W-O, two!" Richard nodded, "In that case, I can be of great assistance. Saturn must have been ascending at the time of your birth. A sign of great good luck, no?"

I felt my face turn crimson.

"Yes, very lucky," he asserted. "Now if you will give me your horoscope I will reveal all."

Villie and I stared stupidly at him.

"We don't have them," she said.

'Not yours, miss. I only need hers."

"She doesn't have one either. Have you?" Villie asked me.

"Not that I know of."

"Do not worry." Richard the Turd was unperturbed. "Just give me the date and time and I will cast a horoscope for you."

"December 27, 1952," I said. "I'm not sure of the exact time but, from what I was told, it's somewhere between twelve and two in the afternoon."

Richard took a deep breath, sighed and muttered something to himself. Was he displeased with the timing? Maybe Saturn hadn't ascended at that hour after all. Villie and I watched him scribble what looked like hieroglyphics on a scratch pad.

"Have you any brothers or sisters, Miss Rattansa?"

"Nope!"

"Then you couldn't be born at

***Capricorn can be very happy with Cancer, said the astrologer. Ronnie was a Libran, Rumi, Aquarius and Ms. Rattanshaw was crazy about both!***

one o'clock. Otherwise there would have been an elder brother or sister," he informed me before returning to his computations.

A few moments later he looked up again.

"Either parent married before?"

"Not that I know of."

"Since they are both dead what difference does it make? De mortis, nil nisi bonum, don't you know?"

Villie can't resist showing off any more than she can bear to be left out of any conversation for more than a few minutes.

Richard the Turd's face lit up at this disclosure.

"Then Miss Rattansa, you must have been born at 12.45 on the dot. Any other time on the afternoon of December 27, 1952, is impossible.

"Okay," I said agreeably.

"You were destined to be an orphan."

"Really!" Villie cried.

"It is in her stars."

"Do you actually mean to say that if her mother had taken a few deep breaths and held on for fifteen minutes longer, things might've been different?"

Richard thought Villie was being irreverent. "That's possible," he informed her rather curtly.

"Well, I must remember to consult. . ."

I kicked Villie's ankle and she left the sentence unfinished.

"So who should I marry?" I asked, not so much to change the subject but because I really had to know.

"You could be happy with Cancer," said the Turd.

I shuddered at the prospect. Either the man was stark raving mad or he was furious with Villie and taking it out on me.

"Capricorn, Cancer, Scorpio are a trinity, Miss Rattansa. You could marry a Scorpio native too."

Ronnie was a Libran. Rumi, Aquarius. And I was crazy about both!

"You are physically attracted to Taurus. As a Capricorn you can also marry more than once."

"Can or will?" I demanded.

"With Capricorn there's always a high possibility of marrying more than once. Capricorn is a philosopher. A thinker. Capricorn is also stern and unbending. A disciplinarian. Often misunderstood. Mere husbands do not dictate to Capricorn."

"That's fine; but let's talk about her first marriage," Villie interrupted. "Which one? An accountant or an insurance agent?"

The midget ignored her totally.

"I can advise on that only after casting your horoscope, Miss Rattansa. Otherwise, I can only give a general outline as per your zodiacal sign. Shall I cast a horoscope for you?"

"How much will it cost?" Villie took the words right out of my mouth, but Richard the Turd was determined not to include her in the conversation.

"I will quote you a special rate — one hundred rupees. Plus a nominal fee for today's consultation."

I almost fell out of my chair. Appearances to the contrary, the Rattanshaws and their money don't part company easily. And a hundred rupees was a lot of money.

"Dr. Dikshit," Villie came to my rescue, with emphasis on the second syllable. "Where do you expect my poor orphaned friend to get a hundred rupees?"

The Turd glared at Villie. He was openly hostile now.

"Please, Miss, it is for her to decide whether it is worth it. No?" he asked, looking directly into my eyes for confirmation.

"Fifty," I said.

"Don't be an ass!" Villie scolded. "I know of a chap who'll do it for twenty-five."

Richard the Turd glared at both of us.

"Fifty," I repeated, and made as if to leave.

"Fifty-five," countered Richard. "Provided you pay thirty now."

His tone had a definite take-it-or-leave-it sound. I took it. Villie looked down her nose at me as I handed him three tenners and rose to leave.

"Come back on the 28th. Everything will be ready then."

Dr. Vinod Das Dikshit didn't trouble to see us to the door. I didn't mind it in the least. What I did mind was Villie's calling me an imbecile as we climbed down the stairs.

"Why?" I asked. "Because you know someone who'd do it for twenty-five?"

"No idiot! Because you didn't ask for a receipt."

On the night of the 27th, that is to say, two days before the Parsi New Year, I awoke at around twelve-thirty to discover that I no longer had a problem. There and then I decided that I didn't want a horoscope. I didn't want a total stranger to remember me as the girl who'd thought she had a problem. And much as I loathed the idea, I thought it best to forego that thirty rupee advance payment.

That night I also fell out of love with Rumi and Ronnie. And before the year was out I met, and married, Adi. He was ten years older than me. His zodiacal sign was Cancer and he was a dental surgeon on his way up in the profession. I never did get my B.A. in Philosophy because Adi thought it stupid for a wife of his to attend college. We've been married for six years now and I no longer resent the thirty bucks I shelled out to Richard the Turd. He was right: Capricorn can be very happy with Cancer.

**Concluded**

The luxury look — Off-shoulder evening dress in yellow and black stripes has a tie-up on one shoulder. The other, an Arabic style caftan in peach, makes something beautiful for any occasion and it's the freest feeling you could ever slip into. Little tie-ups at shoulders, sleeve ends and at waist for that extra touch.

Neat lengths for office goers: White side. Team it with a red jersey top, kets. Puckered up hemline give a mo and plain handloom midi, has a prin the dolman sleeves.

Just perfect for your summer wear! Dresses to carry you through the warm days, anytime from morning to evening. Beautifully styled in gay colours in plain and printed cottons — cheese, crepe or handlooms—they are easy to walk in, easy to lounge in. These specially designed

# ANYTIME

di skirt has square cut pockets at ite bias at neck, sleeves and poc- he other, a combination of printed oroad hemline, and cuffs to enhance

The lounging style of summer in pistachio green, this cheese cotton midi is gently gathered at centre front bodice with side pockets and rounded hemline. Delicate straps at shoulder enhance the neckline, while the other, a pretty flower print, long flowing maxi, has a cut-in neckline and an unusual flare of 204 inches.

**Photographs : Farokh Reporter**

# DRESSES

dresses are picked up from a select collection, at a price that won't hit your budget. So welcome the summer season with an air of casual elegance in these simply styled anytime dresses.

Courtesy: Gift Den, Nepean Sea Road, Bombay.

FIRST TIME IN INDIA

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*Prabha Chandrachud :*

# *A PROFILE OF INDIAN WOMANHOOD*

Thirty-eight years ago a melodious voice captured the heart of a budding lawyer and such was its magic that it drew the two souls together in instant bondage.

The voice belonged to Prabha, then a young girl of fifteen and the enthralled young man was none other than Mr. Y. V. Chandrachud, now occupying the exalted position of the Chief Justice of India.

"My husband is as passionately fond of music as I am," says Mrs. Chandrachud. "It was music that first brought us together and it has always been a strong bond between us. I think every marriage needs one common bond, one common interest that can sustain the relationship."

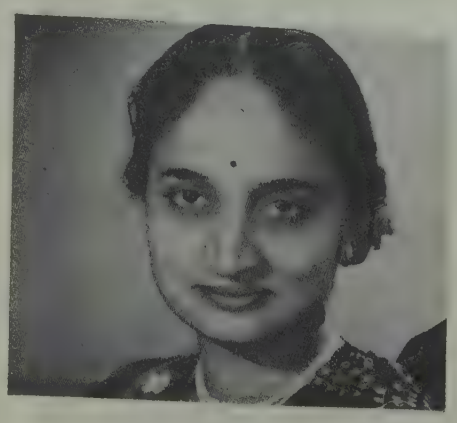
Born in Pune and bred in Bombay, Prabha Yeshwant Chandrachud is a classic profile of Indian womanhood — adjustable, contented and happy to be of service to her family and friends. Married after a long engagement of five years — a rather unusual feature of the early forties — she dedicated herself totally and unstintingly to the welfare of her husband and family.

In the early years of marriage when her husband began his law practice in Bombay, she helped him a great deal by keeping his accounts in order, writing letters to his clients, informing them of the progress in their matters and, of course, preparing endless cups of tea for the numerous outstation lawyers who came to meet her husband. She had a hectic time keeping pace with his work. The multifarious duties as wife, accountant, secretary and cook left her hardly any time to even think of anything else.

A cool picture of happiness and contentment now, she has no regrets at not pursuing a career of her own. "I did have an ambition of becoming a musician," she confessed. "But after marriage I found I was completely busy and happy within the walls of my house."

She is quick to add that this does not make her an unthinking, suppressed woman. She has the total freedom to do whatever she wants and the full support and encouragement of her family in all her endeavours. Women's Liberation Movement, she feels, is a great movement, but in moderation. There is a tendency to overdo it, and after all, are there not some males who are also in need of liberation? she asks. Prabha feels that what is needed is the freedom of the individual.

A very houseproud woman, she



***Underneath the charming and elegant exterior, the wife of the new Chief Justice of India has a vast reserve of tenacious perseverance***

attends meticulously to all the demands of a busy household. A fine cook, she personally attends to the job of preparing preserves and pickles. Although the daily cooking is done by the staff, she loves to turn out special dishes.

Underneath the charming and elegant exterior, Mrs. Chandrachud has a vast reserve of tenacious perseverance. She completed her education and graduated after her first child was born and while she was expecting her second. Her firm determination ensured her success in Marathi Literature and she graduated in that subject in spite of her distracting domestic chores. Marathi literature still captivates her and she finds the present genre of dramas and novels very rich and full of impact.

Her strength of character and great resilience to the various vicissitudes of life have helped her and her family at all times. The path to No. 3. Janpath, New Delhi, has been a long and arduous one. She began her married life in a small room, 15'x12', opposite the Ruia College at Dadar, Bombay, where she lived for six years. Then they shifted to a two-room tenement in a chawl opposite the Dadar Railway Station. This was to be their residence for a further six years.

She remembers nostalgically the great camaraderie among the inhabitants of the chawl, the strong spontaneous friendships that were spiced with quarrels, in the true Bombay fashion, over turns at the common water tap. Then came a change to a three-room tenement at Grant Road to which they later added another three rooms. In 1961, Mr. Chandrachud became a Judge of the Bombay High Court and they migrated to an apartment at Malabar Hill. They had arrived.

The early days of struggle and the later days of comparative plenty have left their mark. Mrs Chandrachud has the warmth of spontaneous hospitality and friendliness, an even temperament and a sense of humour that only comes when one has known the rigours of honest labour. These very qualities helped her to withstand the great mental tension during the days of controversy over her husband's appointment as the Chief Justice of India.

Although her husband was calm and philosophical during the controversy, she herself was in a great turmoil. "It was a most memorable day when everything turned out right. There was so much excitement and happiness, it was worth all the toil and tension."

Music has a strong hold on the family. "We are music mad," she says. She is a talented disciple of Kishori Amonkar. She has given many performances on the All India Radio and has thrilled listeners at small, select concerts. Her husband cannot work without music and he enjoys music of all types — classical, light, Hindustani, Carnatic, Western. Family gatherings and get-togethers of close friends usually culminate in a singing session with the Chief Justice of India and his wife singing duets!

A curious coincidence of which she is justly proud is that her father-in-law, Mr. V. B. Chandrachud, her husband and her daughter Neema, all passed their Law examinations from the Bombay University. They all ranked First Class First and all three won the same scholarship — the Arnould Scholarship, a very happy hat trick indeed! Mrs. Chandrachud's father, Mr. N. B. Yeravdekar, was a lawyer and her daughter Neema is a practising lawyer at Princeton, U.S.A. Her son-in-law, Dilip, is a Patent Attorney, also in Princeton, and her son, currently in the second year of Economics Honours at St. Stephens College, has also set his heart on becoming a lawyer—a truly strong case of the legal virus in the family veins.

The new and added responsibilities as the wife of the Chief Justice of India has left her feeling breathless, but certainly not out of her depth.

As an enthusiastic member of the Mahila Vikas Mandal in Bombay, she took part in social service, and whatever little time was at her disposal, she devoted to the projects of the Mandal. Now as a member of the Vanita Samaj, New Delhi, and Chairman of the Social Welfare Board, she hopes to do much more.

**Malati Jaikumar**

# QUIZ

**HEGMAN**

1. Who exactly are nubile women?
2. Which creature is studied by anthropologists?
3. What does the acronym U.N.C.L.O.S. stand for?
4. When an army defeats another by means of nitrous oxide, which of the following has it used. tear gas, the neutron bomb, laughing gas or the atom bomb?
5. What did Napoleon call the "trade of barbarians"?
6. Why can't a Rocky Mountain canary live in a cage?
7. What is traditionally supposed to be at the end of a rainbow?
8. What is the capital of Angola?
9. Who wrote "Anand Mut"?
10. What is the difference between maternity and husbandry?
11. What do scientists measure in curies?
12. Which reptilian's tears signifies insincerity in the expression of grief?
13. Women need more of what metallic element in their diet than do men?
14. Where are Nicosia and Famagusta?
15. If I called a man glabrous, would it mean that he is handsome, disagreeable, bald, naughty, talkative?
16. Where does a crab have its teeth?
17. Which way does the prince move on a chess board?

---

**ANSWERS**

1. Marriageable
2. Man.
3. United Nations Conference on the Law of the Sea.
4. Laughing gas.
5. War.
6. Because it is a donkey.
7. A pot of gold.
8. Luanda.
9. Bankim Chandra Chatterjee.
10. Maternity is pertaining to motherhood, husbandry to agriculture or economic management.
11. Radio activity, named after the Curies.
12. The crocodile.
13. Iron.
14. Cyprus.
15. Bald.
16. In its stomach.
17. Off it! There's no such chessman on a board.

Photograph : Pankaj Shah

THE HOUSEWIFE WHO CARES FOR COMPLIMENTS CAN GIVE THE FAMILY A SURPRISE THIS WEEK, OR TREAT HER FAMILY TO SOMETHING DIFFERENT FOR DINNER WHEN THEY GET HOME AFTER A LONG DAY. FISH OF ALL KINDS FIT THE BILL MORE PERFECTLY THAN MEAT. THEIR NUTRITIVE VALUE IS HIGH AS THEY SUPPLY PROTEINS WHICH ARE EASILY DIGESTIBLE THAN THE PROTEINS OF MEAT. PRAWNS AND SHRIMPS CAN BE HAD IN ABUNDANCE AND THEY NOT ONLY SERVE AS A COMPLETE MEAL, BUT CAN ALSO BE USED AS STUFFING IN LARGER FISH LIKE THE POMFRET OR KING-SIZE LOBSTERS, OR IN VARIOUS STUFFED VEGETABLE DISHES. THEN THERE ARE SO MANY OTHER DISHES YOU CAN MAKE WITH FISH. TRY ONE OF THESE PALATABLE DISHES IF YOU CARE FOR COMPLIMENTS.

**STUFFED POMFRETS**

2 large pomfrets
2 doz. prawns
1 dstsp. tomato puree
1 large onion, chopped
1 dstsp. ghee
3 green chillis, chopped
2 hard boiled eggs, sliced
1 egg
A little garlic, chopped
Salt and pepper to taste
FOR GARNISH :
2 potatoes, sliced

Clean and wash the pomfrets but keep them whole. Make slits at the sides to fill in the stuffing and remove the centre bone if possible. Boil the prawns in half a cup of water and keep aside. (if prawns are large, chop them up; if tiny, keep whole). In a saucepan, heat the ghee and brown the onion. Add to it chopped chillis, garlic and boiled eggs, with the prawns, salt, tomato puree and the stock in which the prawns were boiled. Cook slowly till the mixture turns quite thick. Remove from the fire and cool completely. Now add the raw egg and mix well. Divide the mixture in half and fill a portion into each pomfret. On white butter paper or foil, rub a little ghee, sprinkle salt and pepper and wrap each pomfret in it. Place in a hot oven for 45 minutes and serve with the paper on. Garnish with potatoes, fried crisp and brown.

**FISH VINDALOO**

**1 large fish**
**750 grams onions**
**6 dry red chillis**
**10-12 cloves garlic**
**1 cup vinegar**
**1 tbsp. sugar**
**3 tbsps. ghee**
**1 piece cinnamon**
**1 large piece ginger**
**Salt to taste**
**½ tbsp. cummin seeds**
**1 tbsp. Worcestershire sauce**
**6 green chillis**

Cut the fish into neat pieces of a required size. Rub with salt and set aside for ten minutes. Wash the fish again and keep ready for cooking. Chop the onions. Grind the red and green chillis, garlic, ginger and cummin seeds into a fine paste with a little vinegar. Melt ghee in a saucepan and fry the ground masala in it for a few minutes. Add the cinnamon and fish. Add salt and fry for five minutes on a quick fire. Then shift to a slow fire and simmer until nearly done. Add vinegar, sugar and Worcestershire sauce and cook without lid until the gravy thickens. Don't use any water while cooking.

**RAWAS JHAL**

**500 grams rawas, cut into thick slices**
**3 tomatoes, skinned and chopped**
**3 tbsps. coriander leaves, chopped**
**4 tbsps. oil**
**Salt to taste**

GRIND TO A PASTE:

**4 dry red chillis**
**Small ball tamarind**
**8 cloves garlic**
**½ tsp. cummin seeds**
**2 onions**

Heat the oil in a pan and fry the fish slices until almost done. Add the ground masala and fry on a low fire for a few minutes. Add the tomatoes and continue to simmer for 10 minutes. Add one cup water, chopped coriander and salt to taste. Simmer until the liquid is almost dry. Serve hot.

**KARELAS STUFFED WITH SHRIMPS**

**1 doz. bitter gourd, karelas**
**250 grams shrimps (cleaned)**
**1 tomato, chopped**
**1 lemon**
**Salt to taste**
**Ghee**

GRIND TO A PASTE:

**1 onion**
**3 red dry chillis**
**½ tsp. turmeric powder**
**½ tsp. coriander seeds**
**3 cloves garlic**

Lightly scrape the bitter gourd skins. Make a split lengthwise and remove all the seeds. Soak karelas in a brine mixture for an hour as this will help lessen the bitter flavour. Drain, and wipe karelas dry. Heat a little ghee in a saucepan and fry masala paste till well cooked, add shrimps and chopped tomatoes and cook till tender and dry. Add juice of lemon and leave to cool. Stuff karelas with shrimp mixture and tie with string. Heat ghee in a frying pan or kerahi and when it smokes, fry karelas three to four at a time. Fry till skin turns brown and crisp. Serve hot with chappatis.

**PRAWN PATURI IN COCONUT**

**8 medium sized prawns**
**4 green chillis, sliced**
**4 green mango slices (or 1 tsp. lemon juice)**
**¼ tsp. turmeric powder**
**2 tbsps. mustard seeds**
**Salt to taste**
**6 red dry chillis**
**1 large coconut**
**2 tbsps. mustard oil**

Cut off the top of the coconut and make many incisions in the kernel and keep aside. Parboil the prawns and drain. Make a paste of the red chillis and the mustard seeds. Heat the oil and when smoking, take off the fire and cool. Pour the oil into the coconut and put in the prawns, mixed well with the mustard and chilli paste and salt to taste. Add sliced green chillis, the green mango slices or lemon juice, and the turmeric. Seal the top of the coconut with its own cover and line the edge with some flour paste to secure it. Now place the coconut in the hot embers of a dying fire, covering the top with ashes and let it remain for two to three hours. Remove and serve in the shell, removing the cover.

**CABBAGE DALNA WITH SHRIMPS**

**1 cabbage, shredded**
**250 grams shrimps**
**2 onions**
**3 cloves of garlic**
**1 ginger piece**
**2 small cardamoms**
**3 cloves**

cuckoo lal
To make fried onions crisp — make a thin batter with flour and water and dip thinly sliced onions in and fry in hot fat.

**1" cinnamon stick**
**1 tsp. coriander seeds**
**1 tsp. cummin seeds**
**1 tsp. turmeric powder**
**6 red dry chillis**
**Salt and sugar to taste**
**250 grams curds**
**Mustard oil or ghee**

Make a smooth paste of the coriander, cummin seeds, garlic, chillis and ginger. Slice one onion, make a paste of the other. Heat some oil in a frying pan and fry the cleaned shrimps well. Remove and drain. In the same oil fry the sliced onion till well browned. Add the ground paste and brown well. Add cabbage and fry for five minutes stirring constantly. Now add the beaten curds and cover. When the water is almost dry add the turmeric powder, the cinnamon, cloves and cardamoms and then the shrimp. Add sugar and salt to taste and fry till the mixture is thick.

**SHRIMP PATIA**

**500 grams shrimps (shelled)**
**3 large onions, chopped**
**1 tsp. chilli powder**
**8 green chillis**
**1 tsp. cummin seeds**
**1 tsp. turmeric powder**
**1 tsp. coriander powder**
**4 cloves garlic**
**1 tbsp. vinegar**
**1 tsp. sugar**
**1 green mango, chopped**
**Sesame oil (til)**

Wash the shrimps in water into which one teaspoon of vinegar is added. Grind the chillis, garlic and cummin seeds. Wash off the masala from the stone with a cupful of water and keep aside. Fry onions in hot oil till light gold in colour. Add the masala. Cook till it begins to bubble, then add the turmeric, coriander powder, chilli powder and fry for a while. Add the shrimps. Add the masala water and salt to it and cook till the shrimps are tender. Add more water if necessary. Now add the chopped mango, vinegar and sugar. Cook till the oil floats to the top and remove from the fire

## *COOKERY QUEEN OF THE MONTH*

**Mrs. E. Pereira of Bombay, wins Rs. 100/-, for this month's best recipe plus a 230 mm Taper Fry Pan from Trupti Industries, Bombay, a cash prize of Rs. 101/- from Weikfield and a book by Aroona Reejhsinghani.**

**PRAWN PARATHAS**

**½ kg rice**
**¼ bottle toddy**
**8 egg yolks**
**2 kg prawns, shelled, washed and finely chopped**
**10 onions, sliced fine**
**8 cloves, powdered**
**1 coconut, scrapped**
**450 grams sugar**
**¼ kg sooji**
**½ coconut milk**
**100 ml. salad or refined oil**
**8 tsps. sugar**
**Salt & vinegar.**

GRIND TO A FINE PASTE:

**12 dry long chillis**
**6 cloves garlic**
**1" piece ginger**
**12 peppercorns**

Wash rice and soak in water overnight. Next day grind the rice and coconut separately using toddy. Then mix the ground rice and coconut together, add sugar, egg yolks, little salt, sooji and toddy if necessary. Keep aside for 4 hours till the batter rises.

Fry the sliced onions in oil till brown. Add chopped prawns. Fry well, then add the ground masala, a little vinegar and salt to taste. Pour in the coconut juice, sugar and clove powder. Cook till dry.

Grease a round cake tin, divide the rice batter into two portions. Pour one portion into the cake tin then spread evenly the prawn mixture. Pour the remaining batter and bake till done.

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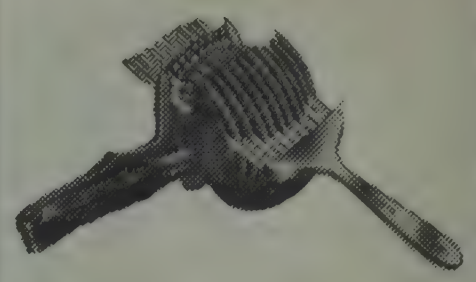
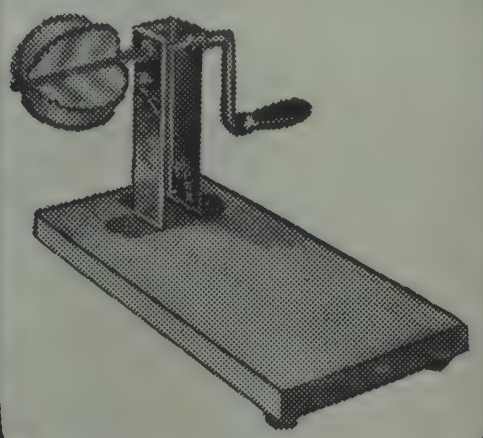


"VIKING" CRUSHER
(PURAN MACHINE)

COCONUT SCRAPER



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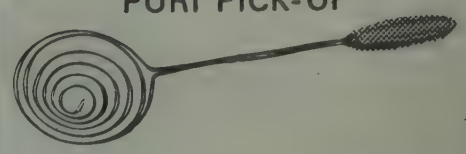

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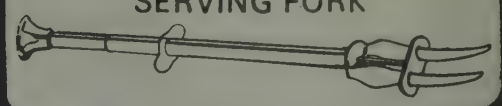
SERVING FORK



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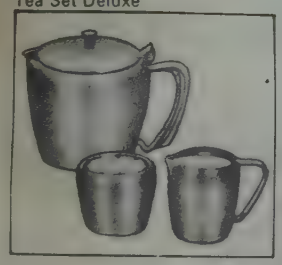

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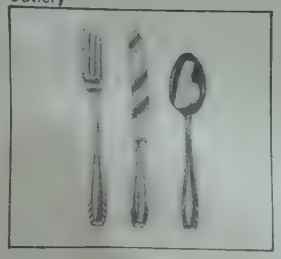

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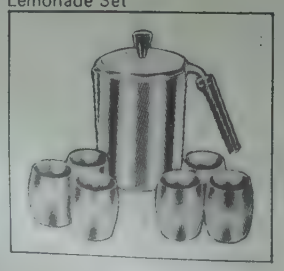

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# recipes from our readers

Mrs. E. Jacobs, Bombay.

### MINCE-MASOOR PULAO

¼ kg mince meat
1 potato, diced
2 small onions, chopped
2 large tomatoes, chopped
100 grams black masoor dal
1 glass rice
½" piece ginger
1 small pod of garlic
3-4 green chillis
¼ tsp. red chilli powder
1½ tsps. cummin seeds
Salt to taste
2 bay leaves
Oil

Wash mince and keep it aside. Heat the oil, fry potato and then chopped onions till golden brown. Grind ginger, garlic, green chillis and cummin seeds into a paste. Fry this ground masala till the oil leaves the dekchi. Add bay leaves. Now add chopped tomatoes and chilli powder and fry well till the tomatoes have dissolved. Put mince meat and cook till it is done. Boil masoor dal, dry and add to mince meat. Boil rice separately and then spread on top of mince-dal mixture and keep on slow fire for sometime. Serve hot.

Mrs. Madhu Agarwal, Hyderabad.

### ZANZIBAN CHICKEN

1 big chicken (jointed)
2 tbsps. lime juice
6 cloves
1 piece cinnamon
4 green cardamoms
2 bay leaves
2 coconuts
Salt to taste
1 tsp. turmeric powder
2 onions, grated
12 cloves garlic ground
2" piece ginger ground
2 tomatoes, chopped
6-7 green chillis
2 tbsps. flour (maida)
4 tbsps. oil
Coriander leaves

Grate coconut, add two cups of hot water and extract thick milk. Add two cups water again and extract the milk. Keep them separately. Heat oil, add cloves, cardamoms, bay leaves and chicken pieces and fry for 10 minutes. Take out the chicken pieces.

In another pan strain oil. Add grated onions, fry a little, add ginger and garlic mixed with two tablespoons of water. Add green chillis, tomatoes and turmeric. Then add milk mixed with flour. Keep on stirring, when it starts boiling, add chicken. Cook till tender. Add salt and thick milk. Cook for five minutes. Keep on stirring all the time. Add lime juice and chopped coriander. Serve hot with sliced hard-boiled egg and fried potatoes.

Mrs. Sethu Ramasubramony, Madras.

### MASALA EGG FLOATS

3 eggs
Pepper powder to taste
Salt to taste
3 tsps, ghee

FOR MASALA GRAVY :

4 onions, minced
½ cup paneer
1 tomato, chopped
3 green chillis
1 tsp. chilli powder
½ tsp. turmeric powder
½ tsp. garam masala
1 tsp. cummin seeds
1 tbsp. ghee
Coriander leaves, chopped

Heat ghee in a laddle, on a slow fire. Break one egg and poor it into the laddle. When the egg becomes puffy, sprinkle a little salt and pepper. Turn it upside down with a fork and add little more ghee. When it starts to turn golden brown, take it out. Repeat the same procedure for the other two eggs.

Heat ghee. Add cummin seeds. When it starts spluttering, add minced onions, green chillis and chopped tomato. Fry well, When the onion turns golden brown, mix paneer and add chilli powder, turmeric powder, garam masala and salt to taste. Add ½ cup of water and bring to boil. Just before serving, arrange the egg floats in the gravy, and garnish with chopped coriander leaves.

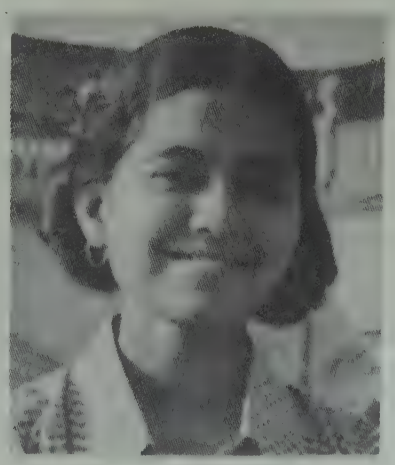
Mrs. Thangamma Sathyen, Cochin.

### EGG BOULANGERE

200 grams potatoes cooked, cold
2 level tbsps. butter or margarine
3 level tbsps. cheese, grated
4 eggs
2 tbsps. thin cream or top of milk
A pinch of nutmeg powder
Salt and pepper to taste

Slice the potatoes and fry in butter or margarine until brown on both sides. Put into a greased fireproof dish and season with salt, pepper and a pinch of nutmeg, with a sprinkle of cheese on top. Break each egg carefully on top of the cheese, sprinkle with salt, pepper and cover with the cream or milk. Bake for about 10 minutes in a moderate oven.

## 1 weekly winner



Vinda Navelkar of Kota, wins Rs 50/-, for this week's best recipe, plus a non-Stick Coated Sandwich Toaster and a 9-cup Storefresh container from Trupti Industries Bombay, a gift from Weikfield and a book by Aroona Reejhsinghani.

### MASALA OYSTERS

2 cups cleaned oysters (small size)
4 large onions
½ coconut, grated
¼ cup tiny pieces of coconut
8-10 cloves garlic
4 cloves
10 black pepper
2" cinnamon sticks
1 tsp. coriander seeds
5 red chillis
½ tsp. shahjeera
½ tsp. aniseeds
1 tsp. turmeric powder
2 tsps. tamarind pulp
2 tbsps. oil
Salt to taste

Slice one onion finely. Fry all the masala ingredients and grated coconut except tamarind pulp, separately in little oil. Grind to a fine paste and keep. Cut the remaining onions finely and fry in remaining oil. When slightly done, add oysters and water. When cooked add the masala paste, salt and tamarind pulp. Remove from the fire after a good boil. Add coconut pieces. Serve with chappatis or with rice.

### ATTENTION, COOKERY ENTHUSIASTS!

Each recipe for the weekly and monthly contests and Recipes From Readers' page must be accompanied by this coupon. Those not accompanied by the coupon and a passport size photograph will not be considered for publication.

Each entry should be accompanied by an adequately stamped envelop if you wish to have your recipe and photograph back, if rejected.

Address your entry to the Cookery Editor, Eve's Weekly Ltd., Bombay Samachar Marg, Fort, Bombay-400 023

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JAGDAMBA DEVI :

# A Great Madhubani Artist

***This talented woman has enriched a traditional art form by her long years of dedication***

**Nishi Sinha**

Jagdamba Devi has over the years been one of the most famous exponents of what is now popularly known all over the world as Madhubani or Mithila paintings. She was born in the village of Bhajparole, Bihar, in 1894. From childhood she developed an intense liking for paintings and religious literature. It was customary for the girls of Mihila to be educated up to the primary level, and to be initiated into various traditional forms of paintings by their mothers. Thus Jagdamba Devi was also given primary education, and she was thereafter encouraged by her mother to develop her artistic talents.

The family setting and the social customs prevalent during Jagdamba Devi's childhood were conducive to the development of her aesthetic sense. By tradition, the ladies of Mithila paint their walls and floors for all religious and social functions. She therefore had adequate opportunities to develop her talents. She was encouraged not only by her family members but also by others in her own and neighbouring villages. Her reputation spread far and wide and whenever there was any festive occasion in a nearby house, the person concerned would invite young Jagdamba Devi to paint the walls and floors of that residence in the traditional fashion. Jagdamba Devi also developed her talents by sketching motifs on the floor of her own house.

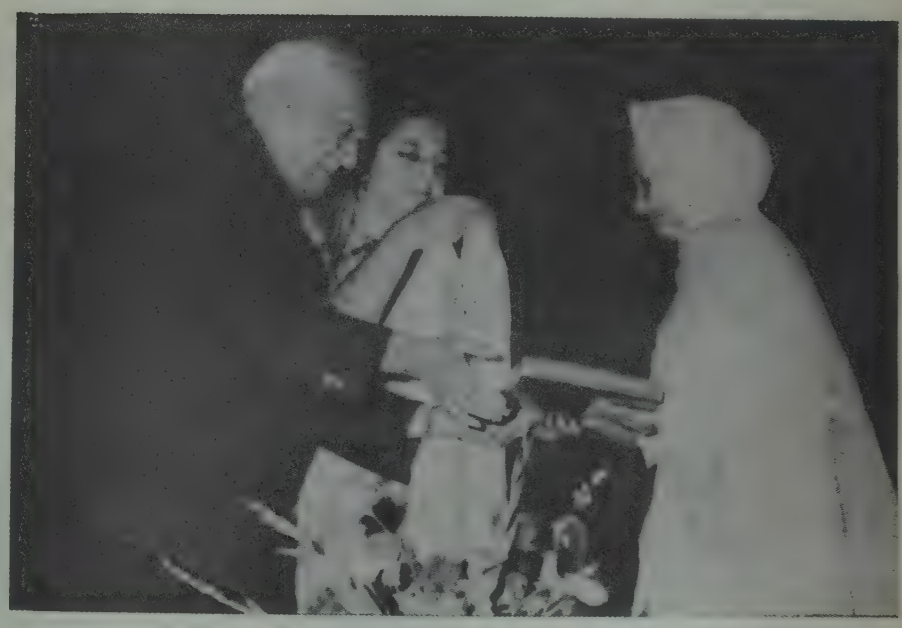
As was the tradition in those days, Jagdamba Devi got married in childhood. But as ill-luck would have it, she was widowed within a very short time. After the tragedy, she returned to her parents' home, until her husband's younger brother, Ram Krishna Das, came to her help, and then she started looking after his family.

She tried to forget the tragedy in her personal life by concentrating on the development of Madhubani painting. Quietly and unassumingly she devoted her heart and soul to her paintings and this process went on till she attained fame and glory.

Jagdamba Devi had a religious bent of mind from childhood and her deep interest in religion found expression later on in her paintings.

Madhubani paintings soon caught the eye and imagination of the sophisticates of society and have earned for themselves a place of respect in the world of art. Designed originally to bring gaiety and colour to important social events like festivals, **pujas** and other religious functions, Madhubani paintings are today competing for attention side by side with Picassos and Cezannes. Womenfolk — both old and young — belonging to Mithila have developed and enriched this unique form of painting as part of their religious and cultural heritage. Ancient religious literature and mythology and the many **tantras** provide themes for the paintings.

By and large, the subject matter of Madhubani paintings falls into two distinct categories: a series of godly forms and a series of strictly selected vegetable and animal forms. Paintings are done on several social and religious functions, particularly the sacred thread ceremony, the dedication or renovation of the family shrine and weddings. On the former two occasions, the



paintings portray gods and goddesses, chief among who are Durga, Kali, Rama and Sita, Radha and Krishna. The people of Mithila are generally worshippers of Shiva and Shakti. The **Tantra Shastra** also has a large following in Mithila. It is natural, therefore, that the paintings have a strong bias for Shiva, Shakti and **Tantra.**

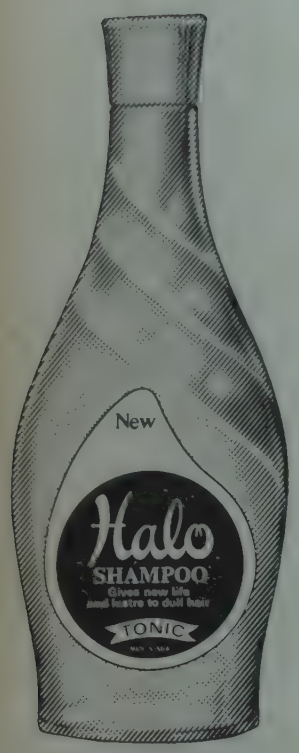
Jagdamba Devi's paintings also show a preponderance of religious fervour with Shiva and Shakti, and Rama and Sita also figuring in most of them. Some of her paintings, meant for weddings, have as their subjects the sun and the moon, bamboo-trees, circles of lotuses, parrots, turtles and fish. While the sun and moon symbolise life-giving qualities, the bamboo-tree and the circle of lotuses depict the process of procreation. Parrots indicate the love bird, turtles denote the lovers' union and the fish refer to fertility.

Jagdamba Devi uses ordinary tools for accomplishing her lively, vibrant paintings. A suitable surface on the wall or on the ground forms the canvas. A narrow range of colours — namely, pink, yellow, blue, red and green, are used. Black is obtained by burning straw, and white by powdering rice and mixing it up with water. The colours and powders are mixed with goats' milk. No sketching is required and the outlines are done in a single flow of the brush. For the outlines and tiny details, a small bamboo twig is used. but for larger washes, bamboo sticks wrapped in cotton or cloth are the tools. Indigenous gums and colours are blended to give a colourful display of the theme, while the bamboo twigs and sticks lend life and vibration to the strokes.

After a whole life of silent dedication to her art, spread over nearly 60 years, in a mud house in the remote village of Jitwarpur in Madhubani District, shunning all publicity. Jagdamba Devi suddenly shot into the limelight when the Government of India conferred upon her the National Award in March 1970 for her painting entitled "Dasmahavidya." She demonstrated her skill openly before dignitaries by instantly painting a mud wall with beautiful figures and images. Later on, in 1975, in recognition of her great skill and service to the folk art of Mithila, she was decorated with a Padmashree. Her initiative, skill and drive have led to the popularisation of Madhubani paintings both at home and abroad. Be it the UNCTAD conference in Delhi, or the Expo '70 World Fair in Japan or the art galleries in the West, Jagdamba Devi's paintings have won universal acclaim.

Her life has truly been a selfless dedicaton and service to the cause of the folk art of her native place.

# *Is your hair dull, lifeless? New Halo Tonic Shampoo makes it bounce back to life*

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# Lady touch

LIPSTICKS AND NAIL ENAMEL

*Some handy tips for tackling that flaky look*

# COMBATING DRYNESS

**Julie Smith**

Dry skin is very often a problem at this time of year. Here are some ways of tackling it.

After your warm water bath (to which you have sensibly added some scented oil or soothing salts), pat your body dry with a soft towel and then, while the skin is still warm and a little moist, smooth on almond oil. It is rich and nourishing and easily absorbed by the skin.

Do not be over-zealous when applying or you will be as slippery as a seal. Instead, pour a little of the oil into the palms of your hands, then apply to the limbs and body in long, sweeping movements Next work the oil well in with the fingertips until all you have is sheen, not stickiness.

The second remedy tackles that dry or flaky look from the inside out. You do this by taking a course of vitamin B tablets which can do wonders for your complexion.

Some women swear by groundnut or vegetable oil—and swallow a dessertspoonful a day. A bit unpalatable but it is supposed to aid digestion, mop up any hangover residue — and improve the condition of the skin.

If goose pimples persist — and they may even when the weather does improve — get rid of them by using a rough flannel to "flatten" them and boost circulation.

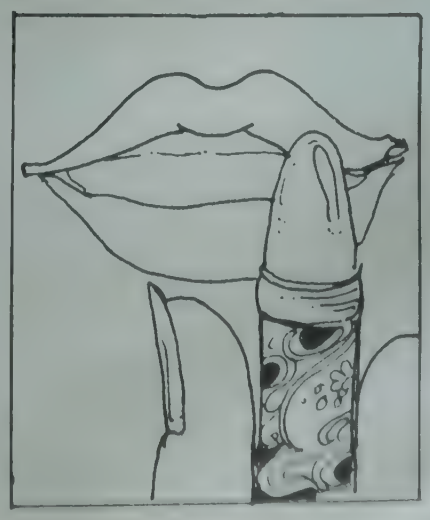
Once your skin is in a better state of health, resolve to keep it that way with constant care.

For your face, you probably will not need to use such a creamy foundation. So try a liquid-based one if your skin tends to oiliness in parts or if it takes an unwanted shine every now and then.

Eye make-up needs to be smudge- and smearproof, if not completely waterproof. The sort of shadow shades which you apply with a water-moistened brush are best and, generally speaking, the "old fashioned" type of mascara which you brush on from a block gives the most long-lasting colour. The one rule to obey is to let the first coating dry absolutely, before applying the next.



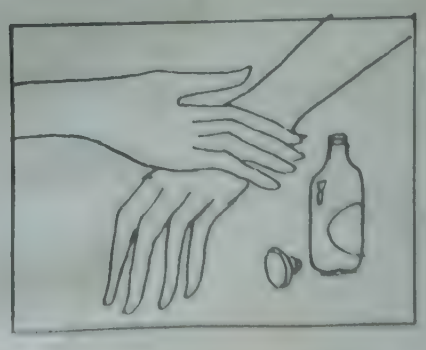
Let the natural colour of your lips show through a smooth-over of gloss. This way you will achieve a moist and succulent look. Too much colour can blob and smear.



Although it seems an unlikely way of coping with lank hair, an oil soak will really help to get it spring-fresh and silky. Before shampooing, comb oil through your hair and then wrap your head, turban-style, with a towel.

Leave the oil on your hair for several hours before shampooing and rinsing really well.

Hands, too, whether they were gloved or ungloved during the winter, need added nourishment. Coax them back into soft smoothness by being lavish with hand cream or lotion. When tackling gardening or household chores, use a barrier cream and always wear protective cloth or rubber gloves.



# INDIA — every shopper's

India is the el dorado of every avid shopper. Sumptuous brocades and royal silks, light-as-air cottons in a glorious pageantry of colours, superbly finished leather goods, untold marvels in ceramics and pottery, exquisite woodwork and cane articles, intricate decoration pieces in gunmetal, shell, papier mache, marble ivory and brass, and a world of priceless gems and delicate oriental jewellery that is famed the world over.

There is everything to fit every size, pocket and taste. Quite in order then, is the natural demarcation of shopping areas into sophisticated arcades and commercial centres on the one hand and the teeming, overcrowded market squares and colourful bazaars on the other. And so, Bombay has its Colaba Causeway and Chor Bazaar; Delhi its Connaught Place and Chandni Chowk; and Calcutta its New Market and Bada Bazaar. (The pattern is repeated in every little town in India — each with its main shopping area and al fresco bazaars.)

What makes shopping almost a way of life in this vast and diverse country is the fact that anything from a tyre to a safety pin — and, in between, anything from fish to cut-glass to household linen — can be found, if not in astonishing juxtaposition, then within a few minutes' walk away.

It is the brilliant display of Indian handicrafts in the face of world wide industrialization and machine-made goods that has made the Indian shopping scene an international one.

While every major city offers a brief glimpse of India's varied handicrafts in the excellent government state emporia, these are really a stop gap for the hurrying tourist who can, in the span of a few hours, take a guided tour from Kashmir to Kanyakumari and complete the shopping with many treasure pieces of immense value. Handicraft houses, Cottage Industries and State Emporia in all the main shopping areas can thus be considered "instant India" for the foreign and Indian tourist.

However, for the inveterate shopper, nothing less than the goods must be delivered! And for this happy band of shoppers, every region of India has something unusual, typical and different to offer — at a price that must, of course, be cautiously bargained for!

**KASHMIR**

Beginning with the vale of Kashmir — unquestionably a poet's and a collector's dream — an enchanting array of handicrafts can be found. Exquisitely printed Kashmir silk saris are born in a state which lays claim to being amongst the earliest to export silk to the outside world. Modern silk fabrics like crepe de chine, georgette, chiffon, chinon, in delightful prints and colours are sold in Srinagar's main shopping street. Kashmiri craftsmen offer the Orient's most fabulous hand-woven pile carpets in jewel colours and Persian motifs, and also the lighter floor covering, the Namda. Delicately embroidered woollen shawls, the renown Pasmina and the "imperial ring shawl", the Shahtoosh, are exclusive buys that can be selected from a wide range of colourful shawls. Excellent souvenirs of Kashmir, are its decorative papier mache articles in soft colours and floral motifs. Walnut wood furniture and utility articles are available in a bewildering quantity and a shopper can pick and choose at will. Silverware, jewellery, and crewel embroidery, not to overlook the unexpected surprises found in small, tucked away shops where rare and unusually cheap objects d'art can be bought for a song — complete the shopper's itenerary to Kashmir.

**Papier mache products of Kashmir.**

**BELOW: Leather hand-bags being sold at Delhi's Janpath.**

**PUNJAB**

Punjab's shared capital with Haryana — Chandigarh — offers all of Punjab's handicrafts at a glance. Remarkably fine woven carpets and durries in deep red and golden yellow are woven in the Golden city of Amritsar. Traditional lacquered furniture — table tops, teapoys, trays, screens — and especially the Punjabi "diwan", in bold and pronounced designs are made in Hoshiarpur, Jullunder and Amritsar. If transportation is no problem, they make the most alluring decor for country houses. Sisum wood inlay articles, beautifully inlaid with ivory and zinc is a speciality of Hoshiarpur that is found in many a collector's bag. Another Punjab favourite is the folk embroidery, "Phulkari," which is spectacular in colour and conception and once formed an inevitable part of a bride's trousseau. Today, anything from Phulkari wall hangings to cushion covers and skirts can be brought back by the shopper. Screen printed handkerchiefs, wraps, and stoles in big, bold designs make good buys from Punjab.

**HARYANA**

Travelling down to the adjoining state of Haryana, the best "Phulkari" work is available in brilliant yellows, madder, and browns from the towns of Gurgaon and Hissar. The hand woven "Khes" or shawl is at once tough, durable, colourful and very warm. Hand-stitched, leather "Jootis" that last a lifetime, chunky, man-made silver ornaments in traditional rural style — the heavy, beaten-silver armlets, bangles, anklets and chains — clay pottery and soft see-through mirror-worked "Odhinis" or soft cloth that is used by village women to cover their heads, are interesting buys.

**RAJASTHAN**

The state of Rajasthan, more than any other state perhaps, is a shoppers' paradise. Its capital Jaipur, brings forth exciting wares. Blazing tie and dye textiles which are created by tying parts of fabric and dipping each individually in dyes of different colours, in various designs — the most famous of which is the "Laharia"—on cottons and silks can be bought by the metre. Saris, scarves, ties, handkerchiefs and ready made garments are available in this unusual style of printing. "Pichwai" or embroidered wall hangings are magnificent in colour and motif and bring brightness in any home. Intricately carved ivory and sandalwood shaped into elephants, camels, and chess sets make worthwhile souvenirs.

Glazed pottery, hand-painted vases, cups, plates, cutlery and teapots in the famous Blue colour, rarely reproduced in ceramics, make Rajasthan's blue pottery a byword in the world of art.

Nicknamed the Amsterdam of India, Jaipur is famous for its precious stones and characteristic enamel jewellery — "Minakari" work—in which rubies, diamonds, and emeralds vie with each other to be set in gold enamel work. Rajasthan's lacquered brass work which are the finest examples of engraved metal are choice buys. Large salvers, lampstands, and caskets remain as memorable souvenirs to take back.

Leather work too, in the form of super soft hand-made "Mojaris" or embroidered "slip on shoes" are attractively distinct as footwear.

*Shopping is part of the fun of any holiday — and before you embark on yours this year, here's a guide to local specialities around the country*

**Kamal Aurora**

# el dorado

**Cane and bamboo handicrafts from Assam combine utility with beauty.**

**Rajasthan's famed handicrafts delight a customer.**

### HIMACHAL PRADESH

Simla and Kulu, the popular hill resorts of Himachal Pradesh are famous for beautiful sceneries, lovely women and world famous woollen shawls and cardigans. Excellent wood carving and super-large, decorated silver kerchiefs or "Rumals" are famous items of Chamba and represent good omens! Folk embroidery items are colourful handicrafts. Charming silver jewellery makes unusual buys. The silver "Kangan" or bangle is thin in the middle and wide towards the two ends, which is engraved into heads of crocodiles and elephants. Bead chains, nose rings, and anklets are other distinctive items.

### UTTAR PRADESH

Apart from being the most populous state of India, Uttar Pradesh has more attractions to offer! The famed Lucknowi "Chikankari" or shadow embroidery sets off white muslin, cottons, and silk with rare beauty. Excellent silver ware, Moradabadi brassware, and ceramics are other specials.

The sacred city of Benares is renown for its gorgeous silks worked in rich gold and zari embroidery in exquisite shades of red, pink, green and orange. The heavy brocades while extremely expensive are worth every paise. Scarves, kerchiefs, yard cloth with zari motifs are typical of Benares.

Agra, the land of the Taj Mahal is a virtual treasure house of ancient arts and crafts. Excellent handwoven pile carpets in the Persian tradition in deep greens and blues, superb marble inlaid plates, tiles and tabletops set in semi-precious stones, and highly acclaimed and inexpensive pure leather shoes are some of the items to take back with your memories.

### DELHI

Delhi, India's famous capital is a virtual gamut of all shopping items that one can think of. Government emporia and large shopping houses offer a mind boggling array of raw silks, diamonds, handloom goods, leather, brassware, gold and silver jewellery, antiques and copper ware. Electronic and machine goods vie with facinatingly stocked boutiques selling jeans, jackets and maxis. A Delhi special is art metalware in the form of a special engraved plate, popularly known as "pie crust pattern," and brass lamp stands and shades are worth a second look. Delhi ceramics are also well known and many fine designs are produced.

A trip to old Delhi's famous bazaar, Chandni Chowk, literally meaning Silver Square, is a must for the adventurous shopper. Anything from a 'pan' to your weight in gold is yours for the asking!

### BIHAR

Bihar in eastern India is the land of Gautam Buddha where exquisite stone carvings on temples are a familiar sight. Its capital Patna offer high class durries and the well known "Obra" carpet. The applique work of Bihar is known as "Katwa". .white applique on red and orange background is an enchanting handicraft item.

Bihar prints are famous and cottons, woolens and silks offer a wide printed range to choose from. The town of Gaya offers the famed 'Madhubani' paintings — the ochre cloth with sacred alphabets and footprints of deities printed over it, a style that flooded the Indian market a few years ago. Mica printing in large silver dots and stars is an unusual item. Also famous are the "Chunris" of Bihar. The bright coloured muslin clothes in floral designs, the mango motif and animal designs make this a truly rural art.

Blue black icons, pottery and ceramics, lacquered and wood inlay in the forms of ornament boxes, dry fruit containers, bread or 'Chappatti' boxes are famous of this region. Bamboo work, jute articles, and the typical Sikki grass articles make outstanding buys. Glassware too has a fine tradition in Bihar, and Patna turns out elegant table glassware.

### ORISSA

Orissa, south of Bihar, contains more magnificent temples than any other region in India. It follows that stone sculpture is an art here and excellent carvings can be purchased. Terracotta decoration pieces and golden grass handicrafts like mats and baskets are typical handicrafts. Orissa's famous "Patola' weave in tusser silk and cotton make these fabrics simply fabulous. Wall hangings and decoration pieces of hand painted cloth or "Patachitra" in bright red and deep blue are other favourite buys

Applique work in the city of Puri is a hereditary art, now used to decorate umbrellas, lampshades, linens and dresses. Orissa toys in metal are alluring. The most famous is the flexible fish made of sheet metal and an acknowledged marvel in metal craftsmanship.

### ASSAM AND THE NORTH EASTERN STATES

Assam is famous for its cane and bamboo furniture. Basketry and weaving in thick cotton, jute and grass is unbelievably original and sophisticated. Specialities are delicate screens made from split bamboo and ornamented with chipped bamboo applique; mats made from green cane slips and woven with maroon dyed slips; handfans made from jute, bamboo and the sweet scented khus khus root.

Beautiful bell metal articles distinct in shape and design are famous items of Manipur. However, quite the most well known and popular handicraft is the "Angami Naga" shawl — bold embroidered animal motifs on a black background — once given as a mark of distinction to great warriors. Manipur style embroidery, done on the border of the "Lungi" or skirt in dark stripes against a light background is a natural for fashion designers and those with an eye for the unusual. Assam's speciality is the Muga silk which is a fluid warm gold shade and is extremely valued all over India. Incidentally, Assam is the home of the mulberry silk worm and has several varieties of good silk.

### WEST BENGAL

Well known as an 'art and culture centre,' West Bengal is the virtual haunt of all determined shoppers who will buy stocks of the aromatic Darjeeling teas and yards of beautiful cut work linens. Of course, simply every thing is available in its controversial capital, Calcutta. The country-wide popular Flurys pastries, sweet Indian rasgullas and gourmet sea food which is difficult to take away! Glassware, sophisticated boutiques and excellent linens are all specialities of this area. Bengal's printed cottons and silk saris are distinct in design and motif and the charmingly simple white silk 'Garad' sari with a broad red border is a Bengali special. Bindis in various colours, the Indian brides 'sindhur' for which the state is fam-

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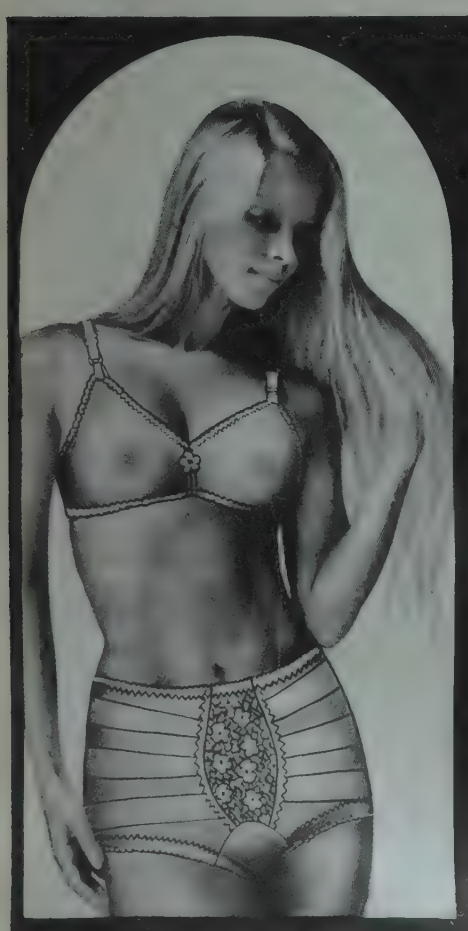

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# INDIA — every shopper's el dorado

ous, sophisticated pottery known as "Sakheri hari", conch shell and lac articles — especially shell bangles, sandalwood ornaments and excellent bamboo, jute and grass woven screens and mats are worthwhile buys from Bengal.

### MADHYA PRADESH

The vast state of Madhya Pradesh is well known for its special style of Bandani printing — a riot of colours in an unusual, "grain" or "dhana" pattern with tiny chains of dots making elaborate designs on vivid red and yellow. The capital city of Bhopal is also known for its printed cottons for which different printing techniques are in use. Worked on a special dark indigo background, the cloth is often used by tribal men and women.

Large floor coverings known as "Jaam" are often pinkish white in background and printed over with alizarine red, strangely lovely to say the least. Paper and leather toys and a traditional type of ragdoll from the town of Gwalior come in various sizes and make interesting decor items. Bhopal specializes in modern glass production and the use of traditional motifs make these an interesting buy. Lac jewellery from Rewa and Indore in the form of chokers, octagonal bead chains and earrings are designed in traditional styles.

### GUJARAT

Gujarat, with its new capital, "Gandhinagar," is the commercial centre of the textile industry. The highly industrialized city of Ahmedabad is well known for its fantastic array of printed cottons used for linen, yard cloth, bedcovers, dresses and other items of use, both inexpensive and of the best quality. Gujarati embroidery in bright and passionate colours make attractive wall hangings and floor coverings. Brocades, velvets, and silks are of the highest quality.

Hand-made paper, khadi cloth, unusual bead and mirror work, applique work and silverware are the finest that one can buy. The famed wood marquetry known as "Sadeli," from Surat, is a kind of mosaic worked around wood panels in ebony, ivory, and red wood.

### MAHARASHTRA

The state of Maharashtra with its cosmopolitan city of Bombay is in a sense the hub of commercial activity in the country. The city is a centre for cotton printing mainly for export purposes and for the home market. Bombay is for the game shopper who must know when to say stop! For there's all of India to choose from in the various state emporiums and big shopping complexes — and also a little of the outside world with the help of the inevitable "smuggled" goods like lipsticks, perfumes, electronic gadgets and maybe a gold brick! It is always wise to give these "foreign" goods a wide berth unless their lure blinds one to their more than often fake quality.

A visit to Chor Bazaar—Thieves' Bazaar, as it is alluringly named, is right up the street for the adventurous shopper! Jewellery, exquisite in design and workmanship, diamonds and precious stones, bangles, and ready made garments — and even a nineteenth century Russian chandelier, wait to be purchased.

**Tamil Nadu's famous Kanjeevaram sarees.**

Maharashtra is famous for its world acclaimed Kolhapuri chappal that is an example of the very finest in footwear. A popular product of Maharashtra's Ganespur is the weaving of superb "Tusser" silk. The Tusser yarn is also worked into embroidery and fabrics — and is sought after by the export market. Excellent pottery that originated in the neighbouring state of Gujarat has become a popular Bombay product.

### GOA

Apart from the excellent sea food and pork specialities, Goa gives time for the shopper to laze into its capital, Panaji, by steamer and partake of its handicrafts. The best known is the palm leaf woven lamps, baskets and mats. Goa has a good tradition in wood carving and superb quality furniture. Articles of sea shells and coconuts make delicate souvenirs. Goa earthenware in rich red offers a variety of domestic articles and ornamental goods. Specially intriguing are sculptures and figurines of deities and well known personalities.

### KARNATAKA

Karnataka with its beautiful capital — the garden city of Bangalore — offers exquisite ivory, horn and rosewood craft Karwar and Mangalore produce some unusual wood carvings of folk deities in immense sizes, usually bold in modelling, as also intricately carved ornaments. Rosewood furniture in contemporary styles, a large variety of elephants in various sizes and lacquered wooden utensils and modern toys—trains, trucks, aeroplanes and telephone sets for the young — are noteworthy items. More in wood carving is sandalwood worked into choice utility items—boxes, trays, combs, walking sticks, hand fans and teapoys.

Belgaum district is well known for the excellence of its pottery—which is very thin and of fine quality. Karnataka's famous silk saris are collectors' items. A very richly designed silk sari, with motifs enclosed in a check — the "Mokalmoru" — is a noted silk, and makes a rare gift for someone very special indeed! An unusual folk art is the ornamentation of paintings with coloured glass.

### KERALA

Though the smallest state in India, Kerala is the home of India's classical dance drama, the Kathakali. Elaborate masks of puffed rice used by the dancers make for dramatic and daring decor items. Kerala, blessed with luxuriant rosewood, is an ideal region for wood carving. Carved wooden toys, animals, Kathakali figures and elaborately carved book stands — not to forget the Kerala speciality, rosewood beds — are interesting items of sale. Ivory carving too, has won acclaim for the state and figurines and sculptures are of good quality.

Coconut and shell items like bowls, vases, roses and teapots are a delightful local craft.

Kora grass mats are a traditional craft which has recently received great attention from interior decorators. Inexpensive and bold in red, black and white, they are natural attention-getters. A square bamboo box for keeping valuables in gorgeous black and white design is another speciality of Kerala.

### ANDHRA PRADESH

Andhra Pradesh with its historic capital of Hyderabad is India's city of pearls and the home of the most exquisite Moghul designed jewellery. Motifs and designs are intricate, and speak of a high level of workmanship. Nearby is the city of Warangal renowned for its excellent pile carpets woven in natural off-white wool with deep green and orange motifs; and inexpensive but very fine cottons. Simple cotton saris with extremely wide borders or a heavily decorated **pallu** are typical of this area.

Silver filigree articles like spoons, trays, boxes and jewellery from Karim Nagar are of very high quality. Horn work, coconut shell, ivory and rosewood carving is popular.

A legendary craft of Andhra Pradesh is the beautiful "Nirmal" work produced from the village of Nirmal. Wall plaques of very high quality, painted and worked into with "golden" herbal extract makes this work an object d'art.

Dramatic "Bidri" work, imported from the town of Bidar in Karnataka, is a type of damascening in which intricate silver designs on pure black zinc produce unusually lovely curio and decoration items.

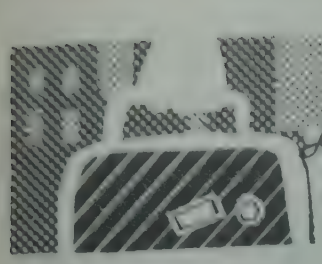
### TAMIL NADU

Tamil Nadu with its capital Madras offers the shopper a wide range of goods from all over South India—notably silver jewellery, embroidered goods, embossed leather, ivory from Mysore, carpets from Warangal, and jewellery from Hyderabad.

Famous handicrafts of Tamil Nadu are hand woven fabrics and beautiful articles made of rosewood, sandalwood, ivory, shell, bone, and bronze. Well known for its wooden toys on the one hand, and palm leaf and bead articles on the other, Tamil Nadu is also specially famous for its bronze metalware. Thanjavur is best known for the famous "Nataraja."

Pride of place goes to the fine Kanchipuram weavers of gorgeous silk saris in the most exotic designs of gold and silver, and brilliant contrasting borders. Extremely heavy in design and price — these saris are virtually a once-in-a-lifetime buy.

From here the happy shoppers are on their own...free to travel down the dusty lanes of cities and towns or walk into sophisticated, airconditioned showrooms to sample the vast array of shopping items — so much still little known and unexplored — but still presenting a picture of the wealth, variety and richness of India's heritage.



## passing through

ANNA KULICKA:

# A JOURNALIST FROM POLAND

"It is really exciting to visit a country you have read a lot about," said the tall, attractive Anna Kulicka. "You form impressions from books and magazines and have an idea of what to expect from the place and the people. But when you actually visit the place you find that your preconceived notions do not conform to the realities you see around you, and you have to re-evaluate your impressions and make fresh judgements all the time."

Anna Kulicka is a journalist from Poland, who was recently in Bombay to cover Jazz Yatra for a Polish youth magazine called "Razem" (which means Together).

Before leaving Warsaw, Anna tried to read everything she could lay her hands on about India, but she regrets that the European media do not carry much information on contemporary India. "We hear a lot about the traditions, the culture, the arts of India, the folklore and so much about temples that you almost expect to find a temple at every streetcorner," she says shrugging her shoulders and smiling wryly. "But about India as it is today, very little. The news is mainly covered by standard F.A.O. reports on the food shortage which are sometimes accompanied by visuals on TV, and I suspect that some of these are deliberately exaggerated for emphasis. India is really much more Europeanized than I had expected. I had quite underestimated the influence of the British reign, whose impact is still very much in evidence on almost every one of the streets." Anna has visited only Bombay and Calcutta, India's two largest cities where the Western culture predominates.

Talking about women in Poland, Anna says that there is no militant women's movement as in the Western democracies. Polish women find this kind of struggle for abstract ideals irrelevant since for more than two decades the basic laws have given them equal status with men. "And

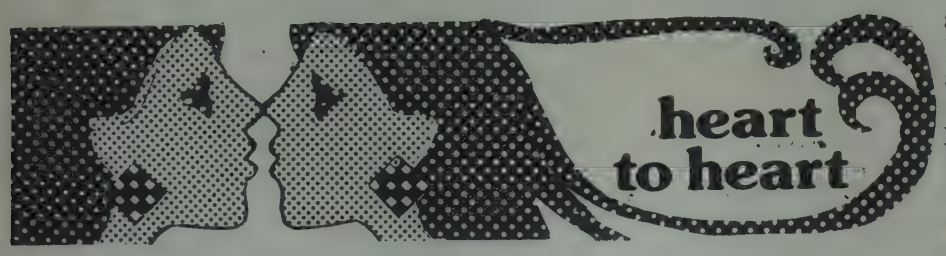
in some instances, women are more equal than men," she chuckles, smirking at one the the jazz musicians across the table, who glared at her playfully. In executive jobs, salaries are on par with men, but women get special maternity benefits such as three months paid leave and up to three years leave without pay without a break in continuity of service. During the time when a woman is not working after the birth of a child, she is entitled to a special allowance for child support from the Government. Women also have an earlier retirement age than men, after which they receive a monthly pension.

Baby care arrangements pose a major problem to young mothers who would like to return to their jobs. There are not enough childcare centres and even those that exist have limited facilities and accommodation. Private baby sitters charge exorbitant rates per hour. By and large grandparents are reluctant to take charge.

Women's societies are not particularly popular, and common interests form a more binding reason for people to get together than a common sex. There are many youth clubs, music societies, federations of farmers and technicians, professionals' bodies.

Acting as teamleader and translator for the three Polish groups at Jazz Yatra consumed most of her time during the festival, and Anna regrets having few opportunities to meet Indian women except at the perfunctory social level. "I always thought Indian women would be beautiful, (which they are), wear beautiful sarees (which very few were wearing at the festival), and were totally dependent on their husbands (which I still don't know)."

**Meher Pestonji**



## heart to heart

**CONFIDE YOUR PERSONAL PROBLEMS TO DR. MABEL FONSECA C/O EVE'S WEEKLY. DR. FONSECA IS A LEADING MARRIAGE COUNSELLOR AND WILL ANSWER YOUR QUERIES EVERY FORTNIGHT**

# DON'T BE HASTY

### TAKE YOUR WIFE INTO CONFIDENCE

**I am 27. I got married two years ago. I have a son. A few days back I came to know from our family doctor that I am suffering from leprosy, and the doctor advised me not to have sex with my wife till I recover. I feel that I will not recover. She does not know this and is worried and miserable because I do not have sex with her. I am afraid to tell her the fact for she will divorce me or commit suicide.**

It is important that you have a check-up from a good leprologist to confirm whether you are really suffering from this disease. If you are in Bombay you can get the check-up done at the Ackworth Leper Home, Wadala.

In its early stages this disease can be treated and cured. In the early stages, during the treatment, you could have sex relations with your wife.

If at all you do have the disease, you must take your wife into confidence and tell her about it, when you get a suitable opportunity. She will have to know the fact some day. If she is a devoted wife, she will stand by you at this anxious period of your life. The doctor treating you could talk to her too and bring her round to understand the situation.

### COUNSELLING MAY HELP

**I am 22, married for the last three years and have two children. Mine was an arranged marriage. I am not happy as my husband and I are constantly finding fault with each other. I wanted to commit suicide, but something has changed my life now. I have fallen in love with a neighbour, who is 20. He too loves me and we want to get married. How can I get a divorce?**

Before you think of such a drastic step, it is important for you to analyse and examine your relationship with your husband. Are you responsible in creating this rift between you two? Have you tried to help yourselves by communication or through a counsellor? Besides, you should realize that there are children involved in this marriage. Will this young lad be able to take the responsibility of looking after your needs and theirs, emotionally, financially, socially and otherwise? If not, you are just heading for another disastrous relationship.

However, it is for you to see that you are not only attracted to him because just now you are lonely and insecure. You must be sure that this new relationship, if it materializes into marriage, must be a committed union for you and the children concerned. So give it a thought, and if you still persist on a divorce, then consult a good advocate. He will go into the pros and cons of the matter and guide you further.

### IMPOTENCY PROBLEM

**I am 30 and have been married for five years. I am extremely miserable as my husband is impotent. No one knows this, not even my parents or relatives because I don't want any one to know about this. But I am very fond of children and would like to have my own. Please let me know whether impotency can be cured. If so, kindly publish the address of a good gynaecologist in Bombay who can solve my problem.**

It is important that you and your husband first see a good sexologist and determine the nature of impotency. He will tell you whether it is secondary or primary and whether it is possible to help him get round his condition.

He may refer you to an expert doctor for artificial insemination (husband donor) if you are so keen on children and your husband too agrees to this. A good counsellor can guide you too. For addresses of these professional experts kindly send a self-addressed envelope.

# A BRUTAL LIFE SENTENCE

Maya C. Malani

***When we applaud the performance of a circus animal, we applaud the torture inflicted on it***

A circus is considered a treat for children. It is certainly no treat for the animals which are subjected to all kinds of torture to make them perform. It is not kind words that induce an animal to do what is against all natural instincts, but fear of punishment.

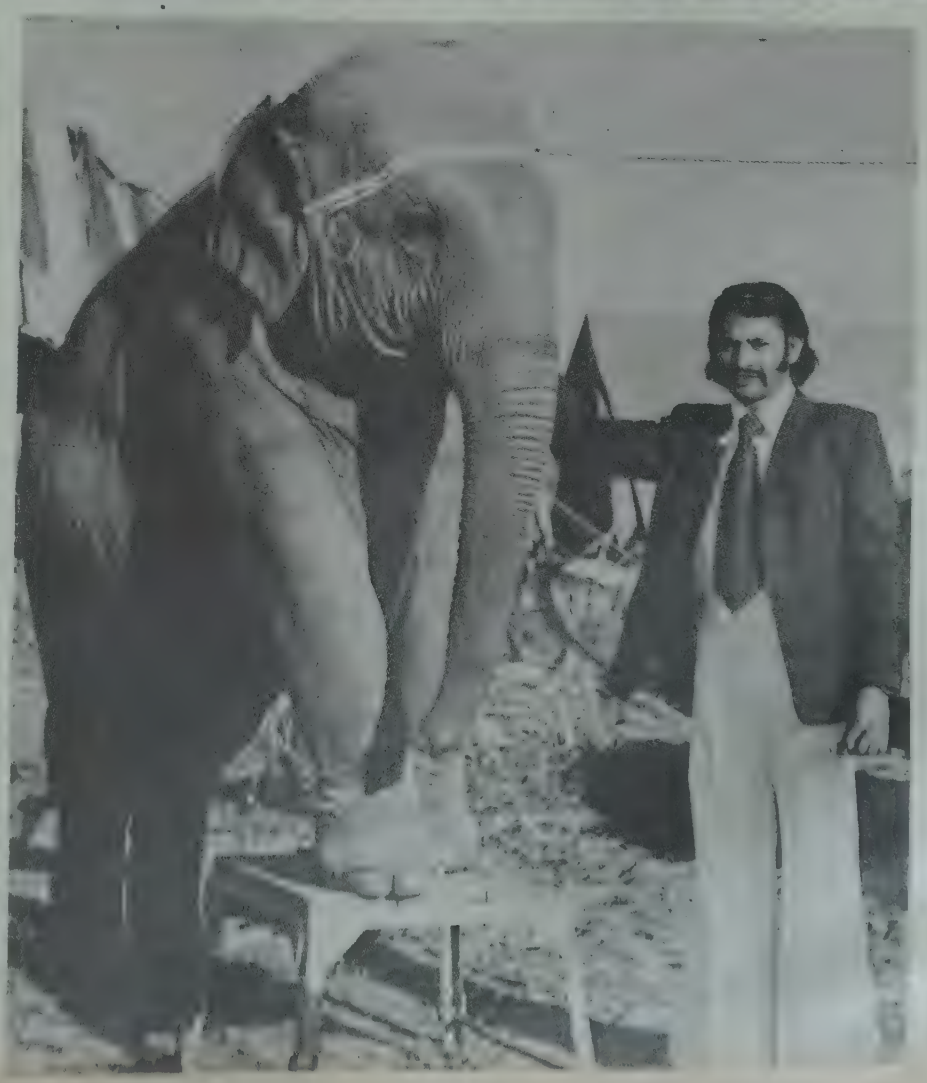
Very few of us realize this. Out of thirteen interviewees only Kalpana Rao, an administrative assistant in Datamatics, expressed her distress at the plight of circus animals which are starved and unhappy.

"I have myself seen a four-month old Pommeranian being taught 'the walk.' His front legs were held against another chained dog performing the same trick. The nameless pup looked bewildered and was only too happy when the 45 minutes of training was over. Training is never kind. There is always the threat of a stick held by the trainer," she said.

However, Mr. J.C. Garkhel, Superintendent of Gardens, Byculla, feels it is like a mother beating her child in spite of loving him. In "Wild Circus Animals", Alfred Court reveals that fear and not kindness is the mainspring behind all performing animals. Fear may be of hunger, thirst or pain. Sticks, clubs, chairs, electrical whips and blank cartridge pistols are used to frighten the large wild animals.

Less dangerous animals such as elephants and monkeys are starved into submission. They are also intimidated by prodding with sharp iron instruments or spiked collars which can be tightened to suffocation point.

A Select Committee appointed by the House of Commons in the U.K. gathered ample proof of the trainer's cruelty. A dog's hind legs were raised by a pulley and it was beaten on the belly. A monkey riding a bicycle was bleeding from the nose and mouth. A whip used for dogs had a needle in the end which was disguised with ribbons. An elephant with pneumonia was forced to perform as a result of which it died. Dogs were pushed off a height. A bear had an eight-inch chain in its nose, part of which was pulled off. It could neither raise its head nor turn. A lion was kept for five days without food or water.



Circus owners are reluctant to admit that animals are trained brutally. According to Mr. K. Sahadevan, one of the two owners of Gemini Circus, it is impossible to starve a lion as it would attack the trainer. However, he admits that in many circuses a chain is inserted in a bear's nose to control it, but not in his circus. In the case of an elephant, an ankush or hooked goad is used. The common place for inflicting pain is behind the knees and under the tail. "Without this hook, the trainer cannot control the elephant. It would throw him and run away," he explains.

SOCELEX — "The Society against elephant exploitation" in U.K. is set on bringing about legislation to make performing animal acts illegal. Maria Hennessey had spent fifteen years working for a circus and had seen the methods used to train animals, before she founded this society.

She visited India from October '75 to May '76 with some members to study elephant training.

Implements of torture were

used by some trainers to make animals perform. The rear legs were whipped until they bled to make an elephant do a headstand or more correctly a "nosestand." This seemingly easy trick throws all the weight (nearly seven tons) on the heart.

It is indeed a miserable life, especially for wild animals which live in continuous imprisonment. The only time they are released is in the circus ring. Lions and tigers, which normally sleep in tall shady grass in the daytime, are forced to perform in the glare of hot lights and the blare of noisy bands. Instead of hunting game, they have to jump through burning hoops.

Bears which are expert climbers are not allowed to do so. Instead, they have to ride motorbikes around the circus ring. They are also deprived of jungle fruits and the sweet palm juice which they relish.

Circus elephants are given hay not the varied fruits, bamboo and herbs they have in the wild. They are also robbed of the pleasure of swimming in forest pools and squirting cool muddy water over their bodies in summer. Added to this, they are chained in such a way that they can't turn around.

The cages of lions and tigers are 18' x 12' according to Mr. Vijayan, one of the managers of the Golden Circus. When actually measured they turned out to be 10'8"x5'6"x4'7". The Pommeranian dogs were confined in cages measuring 1'7"x2'1"x2'2' each.

Wild animals and even domestic pets hate travelling which they find frightening. Mr. J. C. Garkhel finds the arrangement for transport inadequate.

All performing animals have to travel in very cramped conditions for economic reasons. Two bears are known to have been crowded in a single cage 1½'x6' x 4'. A dog imprisoned in a box three inches shorter than the length of its body was unable to stand when released. Eight adult lions were herded into four boxes 6' x 3'10" x 4½' each and three suffered from curvature of the spine.

Mr. Sahadevan claims to have extra cages for the animals to move around. Elephants and dogs are walked around the ring and "we keep a separate enclosure for exercising lions," he said.

An interview with Asgar Ali, the ringmaster of the Golden Circus revealed that the only exercise the dogs get is when their cages are being cleaned. In the case of lions and tigers even this is denied them as it is the trainers themselves who clean the cage.

Maybe it was this lack of exercise that prompted a certain circus owner to make the elephants walk from Ahmedabad to Bombay, a distance of 520 kms. in five days. Dr. Kazi of the Petit animal hospital admits that some of the cases of swelling on elephants' legs could be because of injury while being transported.

Yet, Mr. Sahadevan asserts, "We treat them like our own family members —our own property. When the animal is too old to perform, we carry it along until it dies. We don't sell it."

Elephants are also sold for carrying wood to rich Chettiars in Mysore, according to Mr. A. K. Shahani, a promoter of circuses for the last 30 years. If a circus owner gets to know that an animal is about to fall sick, he tries to sell the animal as soon as possible. "Everything in a circus is saleable."

"Circus owners want to capitalise on the sympathy of animal welfare organisations and zoos." They never part with animals free of charge. This remark was made by Mrs. A. Singh, Advisory Director for N. W. Asia International Society for Protection of Animals.

In Denmark and Sweden, animals cannot be shown in a circus, publicly exhibited during transport or used in variety entertainments or similar exhibitions. It is time such legislation was enacted in India, the birthplace of the doctrine of ahimsa.

There has been legislation such as the Permorming Animals Regulation Act, 1925 and the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals Act, 1960. It is a pity that such laws are rarely enforced. Miss S. K. Powvala, president, B.S.P.C.A. recalls one instance when a circus was prosecuted for the way an elephant was trained to stand on its hind legs. In her opinion, "circuses should be stopped entirely because the animal has to perform at any time at the will of the trainer. If there have to be circuses, they should be run on human skill entirely. A human being is at liberty to decide whether to perform or not — an animal is not."

Mr. Sahadevan's views run diametrically opposite. "Animals are like good background music. Without them, there is no charm." Mr. John, owner of the Golden Circus, argues that without animals "we will not get a good collection." There is a lot of money at stake. There are 7,500 seats with a minimum rate of Rs. 2 per ticket.

Ten out of thirteen interviewees from the audience also did not react favourably to the suggestion of having only human performers. This is definitely a reflection on their skill, considering that people see movies on the strength of the talent of the stars. Are there no stars of the circus world who can attract the crowds by their feats alone?

There used to be a host of these in Europe in the twenties. There were riders of the Rancy family displaying the legendary act of riding and tooling horses at once. It was called "Les Relais de Longjameau." Enrico Rastelli was known for his exceptional juggling, and Con Colleano for somersaults on the slack wire.

For humour at Olympia there were Charlie Rivel on the parallel bars in the garb of Charlie Chaplin and the waterspilling variations of the Bronetts leading up to the climax when the Schumanns packed the ring with troupe after troupe of liberty horses. The first beauty contest was held in a circus in America in 1880 by Forepaugh, an Englishman.

Today there seems to be lack of daring and imagination in the circus ring. According to Mr. Patanjali Sethi, "a circus is a world of its own — it does not recognise the world outside." It is surprising that Jyotsna Ruparel (11 years) and Ravin Rindhani (10 years) also feel the same way. Most of the interviewees find circuses boring as the same acts are repeated every time.

It is due to the lack of imagination that circus animals have to suffer pain, mental anguish and imprisonment. Their lives are a living HELL.

The next time you are tempted to visit a circus, ask yourself:

Is it fair to keep a wild animal in close confinement for most of its life?

Do elephants, lions, tigers and bears need no other exercise except what they get when performing in the ring?

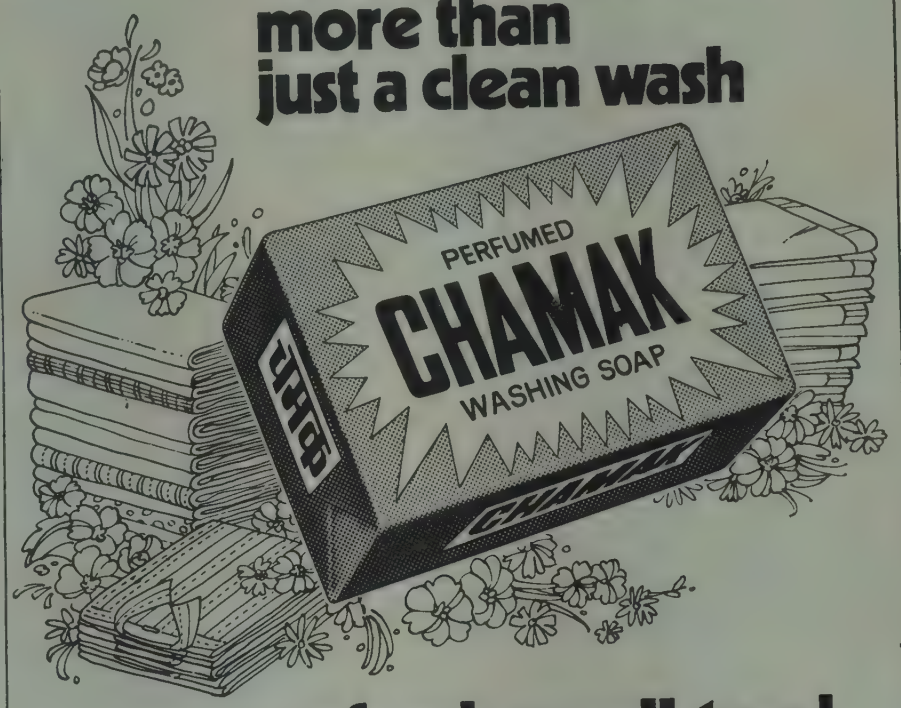
Do lions jump through fire and bears ride bicycles because they were asked to do so nicely?

Are the cages in which circus animals live and travel from town to town large and comfortable enough?

If your answer to these questions is no, boycott circuses and teach others to do the same. It is your money that is helping to keep this cruelty alive.

(Acknowledgements for literature to Mr. Ameet K. Zaveri, Avanti Apartments, Sion East, who is the SOCELEX representative in Bombay, Mr. J. S. Serrao, librarian, Bombay Natural History Society, and the S.P.C.A.)

Give your clothes more than just a clean wash

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# WHERE WOMEN PERFORM YAGNA

**Sathya Saran**

***Women performing yagnas was unheard of, and the Vedas were taboo for them, until the Kanyakumaris defied the ban***

The air was thick with smoke and incense. The sound of chanting came loud and clear even outside the precincts of the place, and grew louder as I approached. Inside, under a gaily-striped **pandal**, men and women, dressed in their best, thronged together, braving the smoke and the crowding. The last day of the **Surya Yagna** which was held at Boregaon, very near Nagpur, was extra auspicious and almost everyone who could make it to the village seemed to have gathered there.

It was just another yagna, one of the many such religious ceremonies that were being conducted by various sects and various organisations in various parts of the country; one more manifestation of the latest craze that had come over the people of the country. So I thought. But a closer look at the **yagna** revealed that I was somewhat mistaken. This **yagna**, despite some basic resemblances to other such ceremonies, was different and as such worthy of notice.

For one, the **yagna** was being performed by women. Women have till the very recent past, been considered unfit for performing religious ceremonies, except as partner of the chief performer — her husband, or a **Pujari** or Brahmin priest. In fact, even today, no woman is allowed to climb the Sabarimala, to visit the temple of Ayyappan in Kerala, and women are generally debarred by some unwritten law from directly offering worship to some gods like Hanuman and Ganesh. And yet, the worshippers of the Sun God at this **yagna** were no bare-bodied, shaven-headed priests, but women, dressed uniformly in sarees the colour of turmeric, who sat with their heads neatly covered and sang out the **mantras** and recited the Vedas in melodious, sing-song voices that struck pleasantly on the ear. The only ornaments these women wore were bright red tikkas on their foreheads — which combined with the bright yellow of their clothes gave their faces a radiance not usually seen in the faces of middle-aged Indian women.

These women, who are thus privileged to recite the once-forbidden Vedas and to perform **yagnas**, are **Kanyakumaris**, who belong to the order founded by one Upasini Maharaj, who lived not so long ago in Maharashtra.

Upasini Maharaj was a firm believer in the Vedas and also held the view that women who were chaste and unmarried, were purer in mind and body than men, and thus more qualified to learn the Vedas, and to perform **yagnas**. With the aim of reviving the **yagna** tradition, he established the order of the **Kanyakumaris**, and taught the women who entered his fold with the hope of God realisation the many mantras and the secret of the Vedas. Today, even after his "death," the order continues, and the **Kanyakumaris**, who have their headquarters at Sakoli in the Ahmednagar district of Maharashtra, perform about seven **yagnas** a a year and are well versed in the many aspects of Hindu worship.

The **surya yagna** is the biggest of the seven **yagnas**, and was performed at Nagpur on a special request by the followers of the Maharaj in this region, Mr. Kulkarni, a follower himself, informed me. Being the biggest, it must be the costliest, I queried, the irritations of the by now-notorious Ahmedabad **yagna** still fresh in my mind.

Mr. Kulkarni introduced me to Vasant Shastri, the Brahmin priest who is the **guru** of many of the **Kanyakumaris** at Sakoli, and who was responsible for the performing of this **yagna**. And from him I learnt the second difference between this **yagna** and the many others held elsewhere.

Three things are used in the ceremonies during this **yagna**, Shastriji informed me. The three things, are **ghee**, **gur** and **til**. These are important items of sacrifice, but the most important is the wood that feeds the flame. This wood, which is the wood of the **roi** tree, (which tree is held sacred to the sun god) is offered in the form of thin twigs which are cut to the measure of the span between the thumb and little finger of the senior-most **Kanyakumari**, Godavari Mata.

About 1440 such **ahutis** are offered during the course of a day's **mantras** and when the 1001 names of the sun god are chanted, the number of **ahutis** increases. Considering that each **ahuti** includes an offering of **ghee**, **gur** and **til** too, the expenditure on the sacrifice should be great. But the performers of the **yagna** have guarded against needless waste by limiting each portion of the offering of edible items to what can be contained in a pinch of the thumb and the two middle fingers of a **Kanyakumari's** hand. Thus, according to Shastriji, the daily quantum of edible items sacrificed does not exceed one kilogram each of **gur**, **til** and **ghee**. Thus, in this twelve-day **Yagna**, only 12 kilograms of each of these vital condiments were sacrificed to the sacred fire.

Taking into account the fact that this was supposed to be a direct offering to the sun god, who is the source of all life, and that the chanting of the **mantras** and the flames from the sacred fire blended to create vibrations that were not only beneficial to the mind and the soul but also cleansed the atmosphere of many pollutants (said to be a scientific fact), the sacrifice is justifiably small indeed. The idea of the offerings being directly made to the sun was reinforced by the fact that the sacred flame was lit directly from sunlight with the help of a lens.

To increase the beneficial effect of the **yagna**, the committee incharge decided that all the donations in cash and kind would be redonated and distributed among the poor and among the devotees who came to the **yagna**. Thus much of the grain and the other edibles received as donation from devotees was used to feed the devotees. About 500 people were given a hearty meal every day, and on the last day the number swelled to 1000. Volunteers participated in cooking and serving the food. Part of the money and grain was given to the poor.

The **Surya Yagna** proved one thing, whatever its spiritual and environmental achievements might have been...it showed that **yagnas** can be performed economically.

If we must then, in the "truest Hindu tradition" continue to have **yagnas** performed for causes varying from avoidance of war to a good monsoon, let us then take an example from this **Surya Yagna**, and be reasonable in what we spend and what we waste.

**Devi**

On the way to a slow but sure Dharam-Hema type **sadoing** is the Amitabh-Rekha story. Only difference is that Rekha sees to it that she keeps a stepney in case of a ditch by Amitabh. If the laundry man near Rekha's house is to be believed, surely Rekha could not be wearing those oversize kurta-pyjamas, etc. that go to him for washing. Some wanted to know how Amitabh could accept Rekha in spite of the stepney.

I think this is the very quality that has tied down Amitabh. I mean, what is the

## wedding bells for VINOD MEHRA

fun if the "other woman" turns as predictable and loyal as the dull wife?

* * *

Jankidas, the champion cyclist of the forties, and unsuccessful professor, writer, actor, who was involved in a murder case years ago, better go under police protection fast.

After signing thirty-five films, he has suddenly developed a lingual diarrhoea. He talks faster than his cycle moves. He insists that Raaj Kumar is his contemporary or maybe four years younger. That makes Raaj Kumar sixty-one. A star would prefer to be called a rapist than sixty-one.

* * *

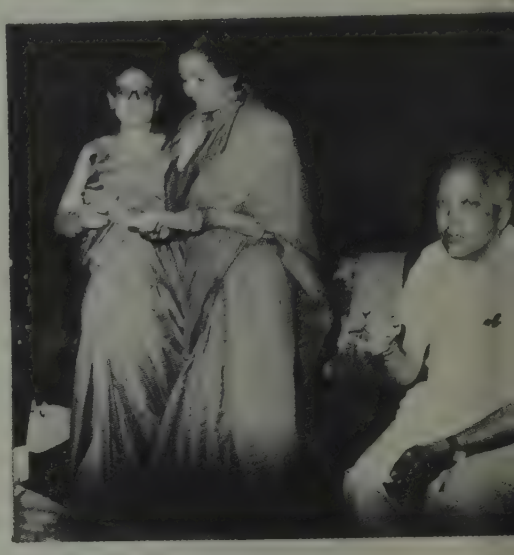
Zahirra's party to celebrate friend Ajit's birthday was in full swing when I noted Vinod Mehra turning and twisting awkwardly in his chair. It took him five minutes to answer my question whether he is getting married. In another half an hour, he managed to give details like — the marriage is arranged by his mother (who else?), the girl is a Miss Broka, she does not belong to a film family, he selected her because when he saw her "ghanti baj gayee."

He will not see her again till the wedding day as it is an arranged marriage. By the way, the bride is the sister of Broka of the shelved "Soni Mehwal", ex-cutlery of Rajesh Khanna and now of Yash Johar. Broka, with his father, is as much in films as Vinod Mehra with his mother.

# people and events

The Mahalaxmi Jaycees and the Bombay Jaycees recently felicitated Mrs. Sujata Manohar on her recent appointment as High Court Judge. Seated from left are chief guest Johnnie Alves, PRO, Hindustan Petroleum, Dilnaaz Patel, president, Mahalaxmi Jaycees, Kishen Pejathaya, president, Bombay Jaycees, and Justice Sujata Manohar.

ABOVE: Mrs. Sulochana Bhat President, Bombay Arts & Sports, garlands Mr. K. K. Shah, ex-Governor of Tamil Nadu, who was the chief guest at the 17th Bombay Suburban Exhibition of Child Art. Others from left are Mr. Chandru Raheja, Mrs. J. R. Samuel, Mrs. Pramila Char, (background) and Mrs. Madhuriben Shah who distributed the prizes.



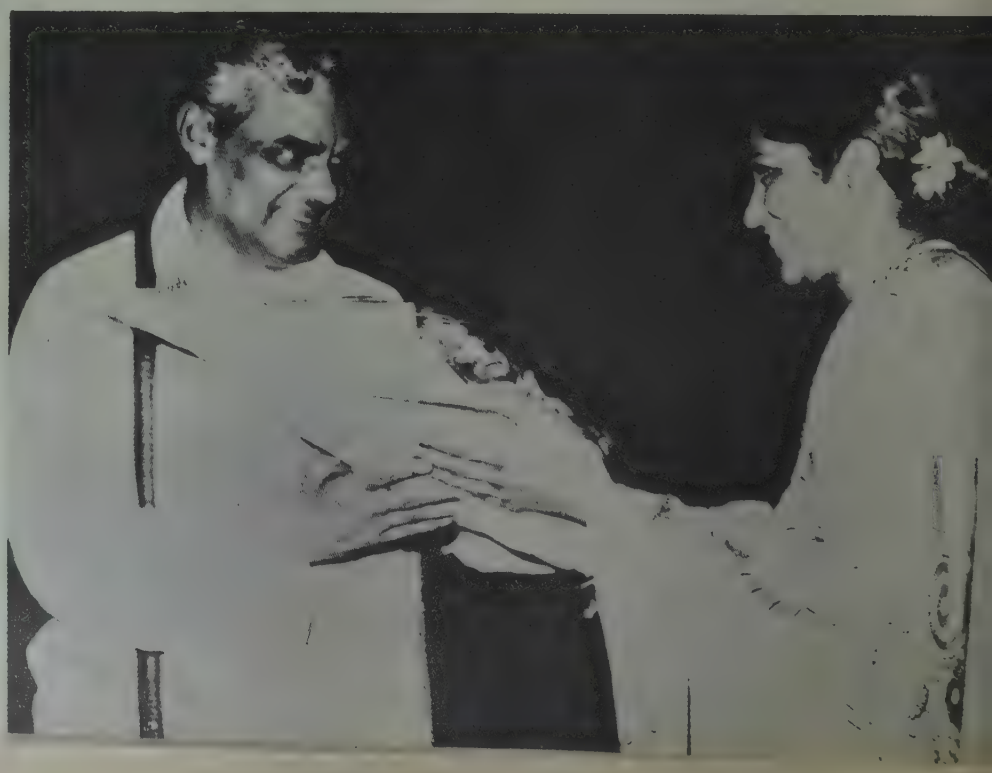
Mrs. Lata Lahoti's (centre) exhibition of Batik paintings in Pune was inaugurated by Mrs. Sunita Kalyani (right). At left is Mrs. Leena Choudhury, a fellow artist.

The South Eastern Railway Women's Organisation arranged a dance recital by Mrs. Rani Karnaa in Calcutta. Mrs. Kamla Kohli, President, SERWO, hands over a cheque for Rs. 3001 to Lady Ranu Mukherjee, chief guest, (centre) for the welfare of disabled artistes. Mr. J. N. Kohli, GM, S.E. Railway, is at right.

Mr. Sadiq Ali, Governor of Maharashtra, (at ext. right) is seen at the Bhoomi Pooja for the proposed children's park at the Ramkrishna Mission Welfare centre at Sakvar. Others in the picture are members of Andheri Jaycees, Bombay, sponsors of the park, social workers attached to the Mission and government officials.

BELOW: Union Minister for Foreign Affairs, Mr. A.B. Vajpayee being welcomed by Air India's Manager-Mauritius, Neela Talcherkar, during his recent visit to that country.

BELOW: At the State Art Award giving function, arranged by the Gujarat Sangit Nrutya Natak Akademy, Mrs. Kumudini Lakhia receives a shawl, tamrapatra and Rs. 1001 for Dance, from Chief Minister, Mr. Babubhai Patel.



## bombay

About 4,500 Adivasis living in villages near Sakvar near Bombay, received clothes from Andheri Jaycees in association with the Ramkrishna Mission. These clothes, collected under the "Programme of LOUWYD (Let Others Use What You Don't)" were sent by the India Community League in Chicago, U.S.A.

Mr. Ramineni Somaiah, national chairman of Project Concern and founder-president of Andheri Jaycees, who coordinated the import of the clothes, was also present.

Andheri Jaycees have also sponsored a Children's Park at Sakvar. The bhoomi pooja for this was done on this occasion. The Governor of Maharashtra. Mr. Sadiq Ali, the Minister of State for Revenue, Mr. S. G Gholap, the Zilla Parishad president, Mrs. Tarabai Vartak, the Collector of Thana Mr. K. Srivastava, the president of the Ramkrishna Mission, Swami Niramoyanandaji, and a number of district officials were present. The park will be ready within two months.

* * *

The National Association for the Blind in its 26 years of service to the blind has tried to fulfil the most imporant objective of Blind Welfare—to employ the trained blind in competitive jobs. Over 1200 blind persons have been placed in remunerative jobs on equal wages.

The Employment & Placement Committee of the NAB has ventured on a new project — bidi making — to encourage large scale employment to the rural blind.

On October 3, 1977 the first batch of seven blind and one physically handicapped person commenced the first course of training. The training was completed on March 31, 1978 under the in-plant training scheme undertaken by the Government of India.

Mr. D. B. Sarda, Chairman and Managing Director, M/s. Sinnar Bidi Udyog Ltd., and Chairman of the All India Bidi Industry Federation, has under him over 100 units where the rural blind can be gainfully employed in bidi making. He has collaborated with the NAB in giving in-plant training and is quite confident of receiving similar co-operation from other bidi manufacturers in this NAB project.

Dr. V. J. Modi, Professor in Aeronautical Engineering at the University of Vancouver, Canada, recently held an exhibition of colour photographs at the Jehangir Art Gallery. 38 of the 45 photographs have been sold. A cheque for the sale proceeds of about Rs. 20,000 was handed over to the National Association for the Blind, Revenue Unit, by Dr. Modi, for the prevention and cure of blindness in India. Mr. Vijay M. Merchant, NAB President and Mrs. Bakul Rajni Patel. Chairman, Revenue Unit, NAB accepted the cheque.

* * *

Bina Malhotra held an exhibition of hand-painted sarees at the Aakar Art Gallery. Her sarees revealed a preference for the Japanese style of painting. She has writeen a thesis on Japanese ceramics as part of her diploma in textile designing. This was her second exhibition — the first was held last year in Bangalore.

* * *

The third in the series of Ramon Bonus Stamps talent contests was held last month. More than 150 participants in the Fancy Dress Competition put up an enlivening show.

The 1st prize in the juniors went to Bhushen Rai. The Seniors' 1st prize was won by Glen D'Souza.

The second in the series of Ramon Stamps talent contests was a Flower Arrangement contest for women. There were 40 Ikebana arrangements as well as western classical themes.

* * *

Mr. K.K.Shah, former Governor of Tamil Nadu, inaugurated the 17th Exhibition of Child Art sponsored by Bombay Arts & Sports. Students from over 400 schools participated in Maharashtra State on-the-spot painting/ drawing competition for children. The Selection and Judging Committee was headed by Mr. P. L. Sugandhi, Inspector of Drawing and Craft Work, Maharashtra State.

The painting by 15-year old Shonila Vazirani from Swami Vivekanand High School, Chembur, was adjudged the best. The other two first prize winners under two age groups were Sanjay Sawant from H. M. Public School, Andheri and Gitanjali Churi from Shri Pandurang High School, Goregaon respectively. Prizes were distributed by Mrs. Madhuriben Shah.

The inauguration of the Exhibition was followed by the 5th Interschool "Light Vocal Singing" contest held under two age groups.

* * *

Miss Allamjit Chauhan was declared Miss India 1978 at the 13th annual Femina Miss India contest held last month. Miss Chauhan, who was earlier selected Miss Delhi in the regional contest, is a student of Lady Sri Ram College. The 1st runner-up was Indira Naidu, Miss Bombay, a student of Podar College. Miss Bangalore. Jane Lobo, a secretary, was the 2nd runner up.

This years show was co-sponsored by CAFI Ltd., makers of 'Terene'.

In the Fashion Kaleidoscope held on the occasion, 20 of India's famous textile manufacturers participated. Their new range of fabrics, including CAFI's latest Terene-Khadi blend, were displayed by five young models.

Miss Chauhan will represent India at the Miss Universe contest to be held in Mexico, in which 75 countries will participate.

## delhi

The President of India, Mr. Neelam Sanjiva Reddy laid the foundation stone of a very important and unique project — a Shaheed Bhavan in New Delhi, being built by the War Widows' Association.

Since the end of the Indo-Pak war in December, 1971 the War Widows' Association has been working for the relief and rehabilitation of the families of our departed war heroes.

In order to rehabilitate the war widows and the wives of seriously disabled ex-servicemen, the Association has started many War-Widows Home-Cum -Training-Cum-Production Centres, where these widows are trained in cutting and tailoring, apart from being provided with board and lodging. The Association has now planned to construct a Shaheed Bhavan in New Delhi.

## calcutta

A seminar was held to focus attention on the XIX World Disabled Week by the Rotary Club of East Calcutta. Mrs. M. K. Mukherjee, convener of the Seminar and herself a speech therapist, organised the "Handicapped ot Work" exhibition.

## jamnagar

The All India Volley-Ball Shooting Tournament, jointly sponsored by the Jamnagar District Volley-ball Association and the Summair Sports Club of Jamnagar, will be held for three days from April 28, to mark the inauguration ceremony of the golden jubilee celebrations of the club.

# world of eve

### BULBUL SARKAR

Bulbul Sarkar, producer, western music. All India Radio Calcutta, for many years, is a gentle person with a voice befitting her name. Recently, Bulbul was deputed by the A.I.R. for a most interesting assignment — as a member of the Radio Music Jury for the 29th Session of the Prix Italias, the international competition for music, drama and documentaries for television and radio. She was the only Indian on the jury.

Bulbul said that it was a revelation to hear comtempary "electronic and computerised" music. Compositions like the prize-winning Yugoslavic stereophonic phantasy entitled "Resava Cave" actually recorded in a cave moved her greatly.

Bulbul also went on deputation to the Deutsche Welle "Voice of Germany" in Cologne to see the working of their broadcasting station. This was followed by a similar deputation to the B.B.C. Her tour exposed her to the current cultural scene in Italy, Germany, U.K. Sweden and France, which incluled drama, the opera, chamber and symphony music.

### VISHNI BALWANI

Investigating cases and penalising those who are at fault is Vishni Balwani's field — that of an Income-tax officer.

Vishni's dedication and sincerity is amazing. "My work is extremely interesting and rewarding, as I meet different kinds of people," states Vishni

Though she works and deals mostly with men, Vishni has never in her 20 years experience, felt that she is different. She is treated equally and with respect.

Vishni plans to start her own practice. She would like to help women by explaining to them the significance of income-tax of which "many women are still quite ignorant."

Vishni hails from Karachi from where she graduated. Her family migrated to India in 1947. Her husband, ex-Dean of Medical College, Pune and now medical advisor to Unikem Laboratories, has always encouraged her in her profession, and her two daughters have given her full cooperation.

# madam im adam

Peace, perfect peace! The kids were out at a party, Phyllis was juggling with knitting needles and I stood on the balcony with a glass in my fist. Suddenly I saw a couple heading for our building. Abigail and Lester Blogg!

"Darling," I said to Phyllis, "we're in for a bang-up evening. The Bloggs are coming."

"Oh dear!" said Phyllis.

"That, my love," I told her, "is the under-statement of the year."

I opened the door so they could walk right in. Then I raised my eyes to heaven and prayed for strength.

* * *

When they came, we greeted them, seated them and looked them over. Abigail was in the pink of health, but Lester looked as if he were attending his own funeral. He was fully suited and had a thick woollen scarf around his neck.

Phyllis asked the courteous question, "Well, how are the two of you?"

It was like pressing the start-button on a tape recorder!

* * *

"Oh, I'm fine, dear," said Abigail. "My glass of egg-flip every morning does me all the good in the world. Of course, I get this funny pain in my knees, but it's due to the weather no doubt. But Lester, poor dear, isn't too chipper. He has this chest cold that won't go away. We've tried patent medicines, prescribed medicines and what-have-you, but it continues to bother him. So I've told him to sleep on his back with a hot-water bottle on his chest. Isn't that what I told you, Lester?"

"Yes, darling," said Mr. Blogg.

* * *

She patted her stomach suddenly and said, "Oh, I must tell you, dear, I've learned how to cook the most delicious Kerala lobster curry. It's too, too divine! Let me tell you how to make it." She went into the gory details of its preparation. I couldn't understand much, but caught words like capsicum .... split peas .... cinnamon .... cumminseed .... garlic .... tamarind and so on.

Jeeze, I'm sure that if that dish were put in front of me, I'd throw up!

"Lester loves it, don't you, Lester?"

"Yes, darling," said Lester.

* * *

Quickly I said, "What'll you folks have to drink?"

Abigail said, "I'll have gin and lime, thanks."

Lester said, "I'll have —"

"Lester," said Abigail, "will have lemon-juice made with warm water. Liquor isn't good for his chest."

My heart bled for the guy. I fixed the drinks and brought them in.

* * *

Phyllis bravely asked, "And how's your son, Harold, shaping up in school?"

The river flooded its banks again. "Oh, he's doing splendidly," said Abigail. She sounded as if her son was a Nobel Prize winner. Personally, I found myself wondering how in hell Abigail had stopped talking long enough to have a child.

"He took a first in Maths, English, History and Geography. Hindi eludes the poor boy, but I was telling Lester only the other day that he'll master it somehow. Wasn't that what I said, Lester?"

"Yes, darling," said Lester, sipping his drink. From his face, you'd have thought he was drinking hemlock.

* * *

And she was off again! I wanted desperately to talk to Lester, but it would have been like trying to hack through a concrete dam with a toothpick. He sat there looking at his right knee as if it were a seven-day corpse.

"...and I was absolutely shocked when Usha told me her servant had run off with the chauffeur. And on the other side of town, Enid's daughter, Myrtle, ran off with a cutlery salesman, or was it an insurance adjuster? What on earth are these young people thinking of these days?"

Lady, I thought, if you don't know **that**, I guess the stork must have brought Harold.

"...our morals are going down the drain. Why, when I was a girl, such goings-on were unheard of. Isn't that so, Lester?"

"Yes, darling," said Lester. When she was a girl she must have lived on Mars!

* * *

Pausing only for breath, Abigail talked of fashions, prices, neighbours, adultery (she was against it), servants and the pain in her knees. By now, I was ready to run screaming up the wall. When they finally left, Phyllis closed the door, leaned weakly against it and said, "Thank God they've gone."

"Yes, darling," I said. We both laughed and the world came right side up again.

G'bye now!

**ADAM**

next week

Eve's Weekly

ISSUE OF APRIL 29, 1978

**MAY DAY IS LABOUR DAY**

- **The story of how May 1 came to be celebrated as Labour Day.**
- **Labour unrest — managers and workers talk about the strike-ridden condition of the country today.**
- **The unionisation of women — a slow process, but an essential one.**
- **Child labour — no way for a child to live.**
- **Unorganised labour, which is where a large percentage of women workers are concentrated.**

**ALSO**

**A doctor's guide to common allergies.**

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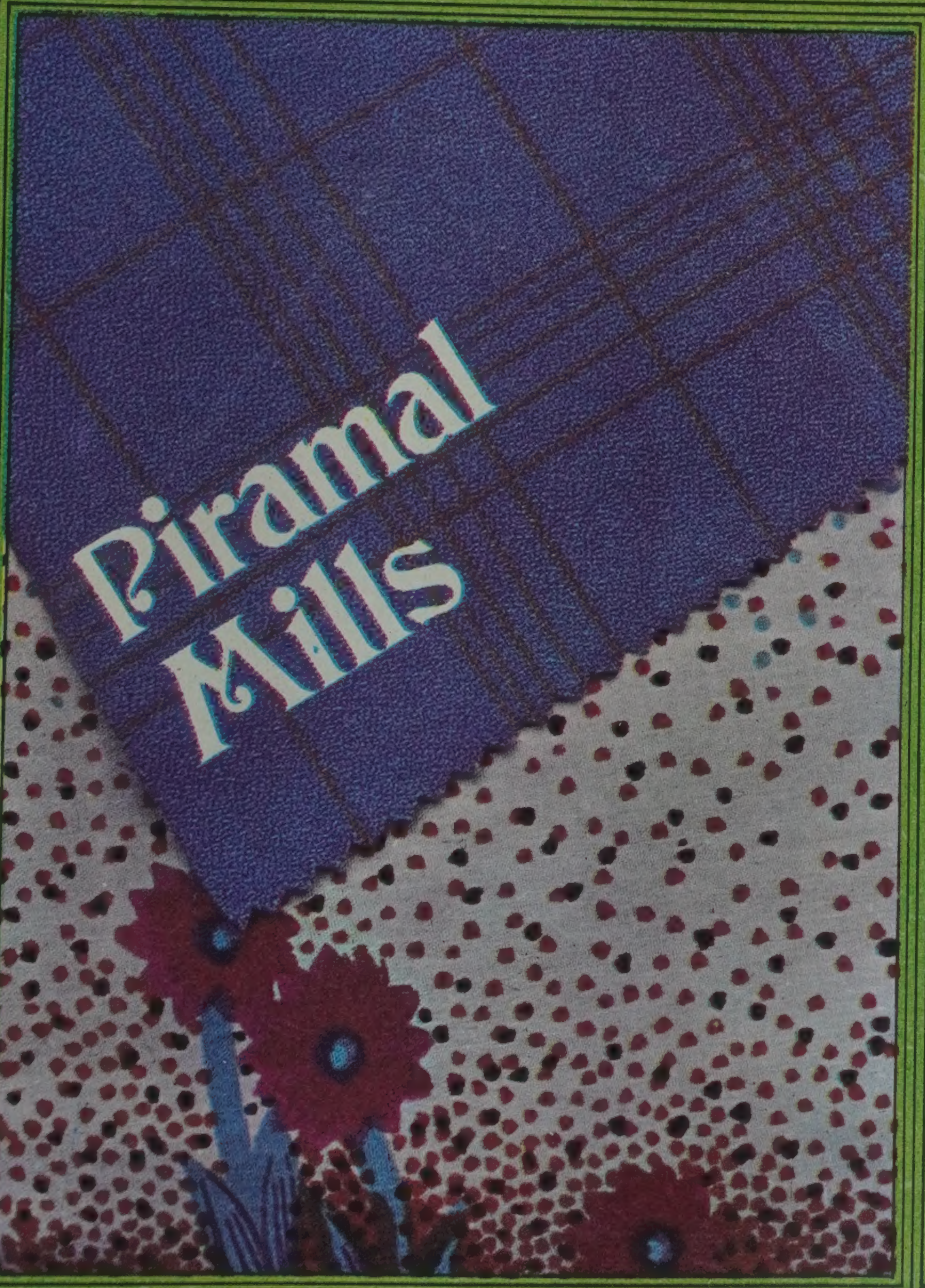


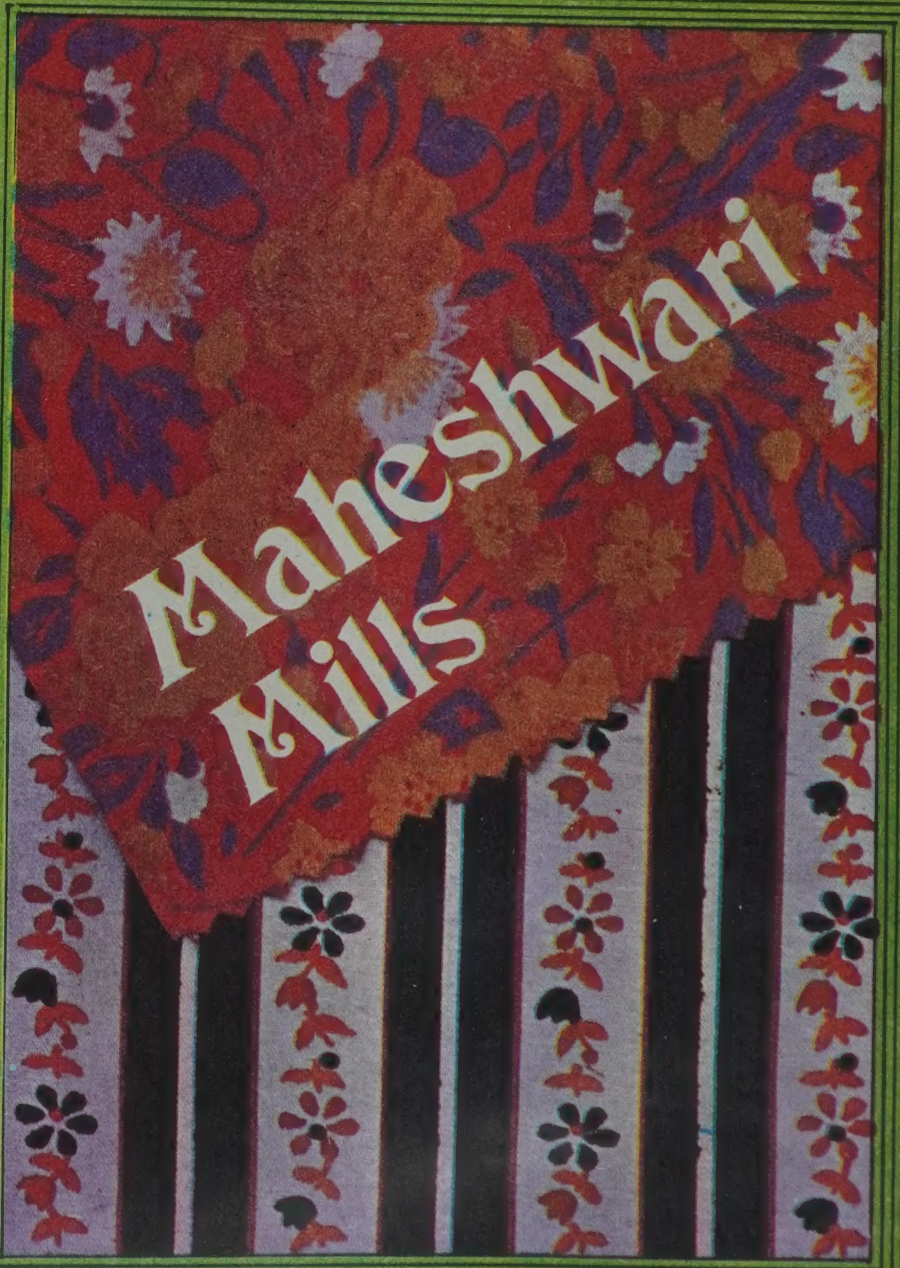


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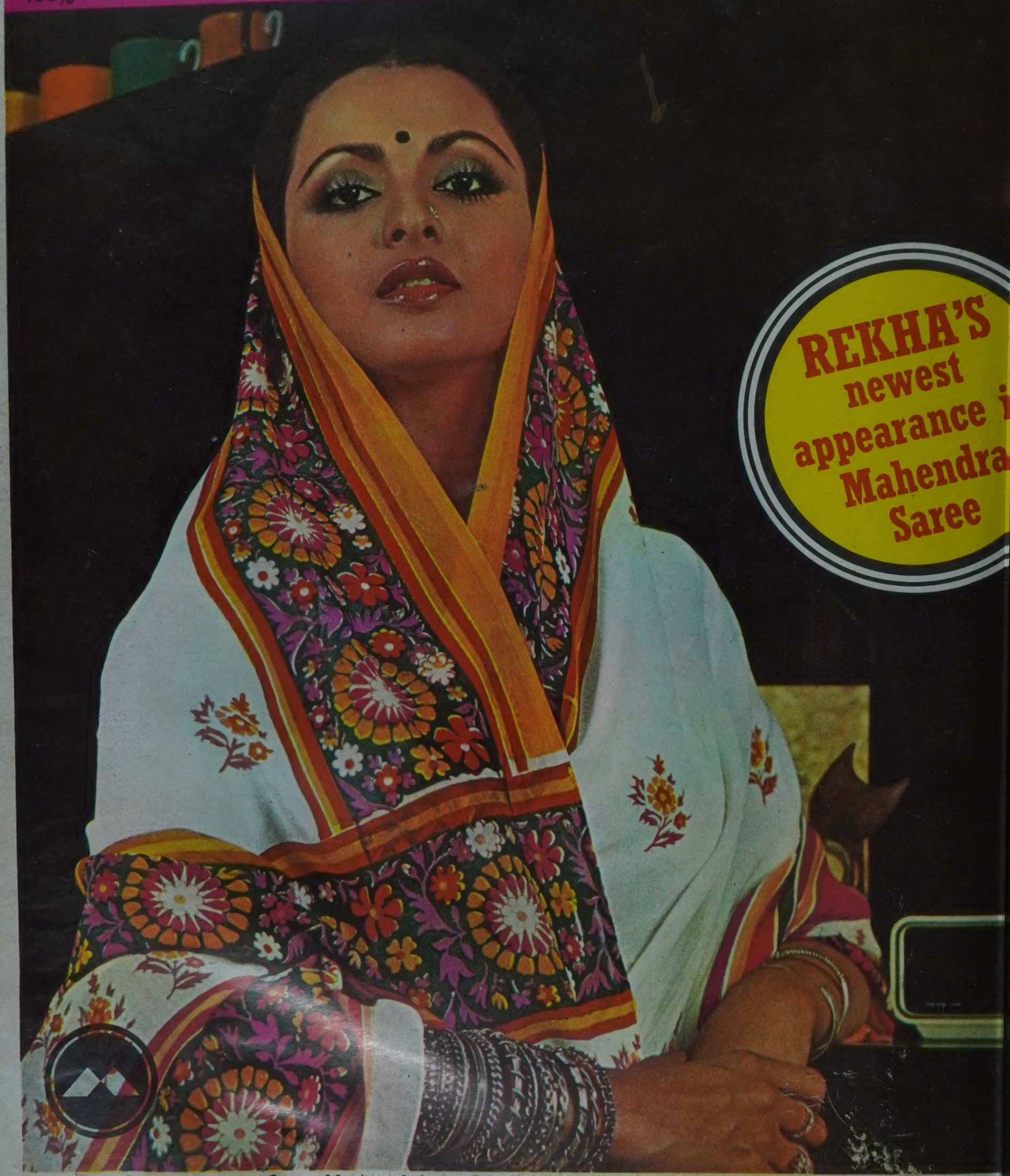


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